



VOLUNTEER-DAY IN 1803.



ING (my friend Mr. Charles Keene has drawn an initial K, and therefore I must use it, or I should have liked to begin respectfully with His Gracious Majesty) George the Third reviewed Volunteers in Hyde Park on the 26th and the 28th of October, 1803. I thought, the other day, while everybody was talking about the glorious sight of last Saturday, that it would be interesting, and, what is much better, amusing, to

turn back to the records of the King's Reviews, and see whether fifty-seven years make any remarkable difference in the circumstances under which a Sovereign of England calls Englishmen to arm themselves and learn the quickest way of destroying Frenchmen.

That year, 1803, was a busy one. We were not at actual war with our friend Napoleon when it began, but before it was half through we were committed to a tremendous struggle. The Addington Cabinet was in office, but the "Doctor's" * Ministry was not considered a strong one, and people said that it must go out when any grand crash came.

* Addington's father had been a Doctor, and his own manner was somewhat professional, but the name of "The Doctor" was finally affixed to the respectable statesman by another respectable statesman, best known in these days as having written the "School for Scandal." In a debate in the Commons, Sheridan, who had been poking a good deal of fun at the Premier, proceeded to quote the English version

of Martial's *Non amo te, Sabide*, and laid such a marked stress upon the penultimate word "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell," that thenceforth the name was branded upon him.

Lord Hawkesbury (the Foreign Secretary), and Lord Eldon and Lord Castlereagh, were also in office. Outside were Pitt, and Fox, and Lord Grenville—all strong men—but the people looked to Pitt, in case war should come, just as the people looked a short time ago to another minister—extremely like him, as far as the initial goes—and in each case the people looked the right way. However, war came, but the Ministry did not turn out, though the Doctor made proposals to Mr. Pitt to take office. Pitt knew his own value, and had no idea of being a doctor's assistant. He would come in as head of the firm, or not at all. The medical ministry held on, somehow, until May in the following year, when the heaven-born William came in for the rest of his life, unfortunately a very short term. Pitt, Fox, and Nelson, all went down nearly together.

The Uncle of his Nephew was by no means so polite as is the Nephew of his Uncle. Napoleon was exceedingly arrogant just then, insulting the British Lion whenever he had a chance, saying that England, single-handed, could do nothing against France, and filling his newspapers with all kinds of anti-English matter. He had magnificent armies and a powerful fleet, and he was always making additions to both, though he persisted in saying that he was doing nothing of the kind, and declaring that England wanted war, not he. Perhaps it would have been better to have believed him, and not to have armed, but our fathers and uncles thought otherwise.

Parliament had met in the November of the preceding year, and the debates had been very interesting. With such men to speak as Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, and Wilberforce, and others whose names every schoolboy remembers (try him, Paterfamilias, he is just home for the holidays,—

of Martial's *Non amo te, Sabide*, and laid such a marked stress upon the penultimate word

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make him comfortable), the discussions were likely to be worth reporting, and one only regrets that the wonderful machine, called the Gallery, was then so imperfect, in comparison with what it is now, when oratory is so rare. But although the Ministers had been exposed to constant questionings, and several hot debates had arisen upon the state of the Continent and our own want of adequate defences, the fatal sign of certain war was not given until the 8th of March, when the King sent the House a Message. It was brief and to the purpose, and the answer was an instant vote of Ten Thousand Seamen.

Not much time was lost. On "the very next Sunday of all" our Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, attended a Court at the Tuileries (which used then to be spelt with an "h" in it), and the First Consul, in the presence of two hundred people, thus addressed the Englishman:

"So you want to go to war."

"No," responded the calm English nobleman; "on the contrary, we are too sensible of the advantages of peace."

Thereupon the Uncle of his Nephew flew into a Satanic rage.

"The English want war; but if they are the first to draw the sword, I will not be the first to sheathe it. They don't respect treaties."

Lord Whitworth was, of course, too high-bred a gentleman to burst out laughing at the idea of a Napoleon talking about keeping treaties, and was sufficiently decorous in his reply to our rude Uncle. The latter broke out again:

"What are you arming for? I tell you that you may destroy France, but you cannot frighten her."

There was some more of this kind of thing, which Lord Whitworth duly reported to his chief at home. It became more and more clear that the fight was coming. When an Emperor of France makes pointed remarks at a reception, the knapsacks are all but packed—we have seen something of that in our time. But when he grows abusive, ambassadors order the laundresses to send home those shirts.

The 21st of March was the anniversary of the Battle of Alexandria. If you will go into St. James's Park, you will see a Turkish gun on a beautiful carriage, with sphinxes and other Egyptian ornaments. The gun passed from French hands to English, and other English hands placed it in that corner on this day. On the 11th, Bonaparte, while driving in a carriage and four, was thrown out at St. Cloud, but not much hurt. I wonder whether our fathers and uncles, when they heard the news, said anything about his neck, and put any sort of participle before the noun, and wished. I fear it is possible, from what one knows of their sons and nephews.

Then came the crash. The ambassadors of the two countries, hurrying home, cross each other, and an Order in Council comes out, for granting General Reprisals, and 5*l.* for every seaman. And next day, the 18th May, 1803, comes the DECLARATION OF WAR. Please to note certain points in it.

King George begs to contrast the liberal commercial spirit of England with the spirit of France

in such matters. The King calls attention to Napoleon's military occupation of Holland, to his violation of the liberties of Switzerland, and to his territorial annexations in Italy. Our Sovereign states that Napoleon is threatening the integrity of the Turkish Empire. His Majesty remarks upon Napoleon's having made attempts to shackle the press of England. I really feel bound to repeat that I am writing concerning 1803.

War is declared, and both parties go to work in earnest. Napoleon, in a very scoundrelly fashion, "detains" the English who had been residing in France, 11,000 of them, and 1300 in Holland, an act which is foolish as well as wicked, for it inflames the hatred of England against him to a degree not easily conceivable. The King of England declines entering the war as King of Hanover, and that province surrenders to Mortier—there was no saving it. On the other hand our ships dash at the French colonies, and take them one after the other, and we make the sea no safe place for French vessels. Parliament strengthens the hands of Government, and what opposition is made to the conduct of Ministers is borne down in the Lords by a majority of 142 to 10 (the Earl of Derby one of the ten), and in the Commons by a majority of 398 to 67 (Mr., afterwards Earl Grey, Fox, and Whitbread three of the 67), and Twelve Millions of War Taxes are granted. An army of reserve, of 50,000 men, is planned, and it is not to go out of the country; but an army of nearly eight times that number springs up voluntarily, as you shall see. There is a bill, too, for raising a *levy en masse* in case of invasion. The country is roused. London gives in its assurance of support to Government, and the Common Council raises 800 men. The merchants meet on the Royal Exchange, and do not talk at all in the tone of Lord Overstone, but are ready "to stand or fall with their King and country." Lloyd's raises a noble subscription, and, as in the days of the Pretender, the City—not then the sham it is now voted—"pronounced" for England, and with tremendous effect. Sad, indeed, was the contrast abroad. Napoleon closed the ports, and ruined the traders, and while English merchants were pouring out their gold to be transmuted into steel and lead, thirty wretched Hamburg merchants cut their throats in one week. "*Des bagatelles*," said Napoleon, when charged with one of his crimes.

Parliament was content to leave the war to the Ministers, and was prorogued on the 12th August, the King being hugely cheered by the excited people on his way to and from the House. The Volunteer movement had now spread all over the country, and everywhere there was drill, patient, earnest, vigorous, just such as has been going on, to the honour of the manhood of England, for several months past. I must speak of results only—the machinery by which such results are brought about is under the eyes of all of us. It was arranged that the King should review the Volunteers, or rather so many of them as could be brought together in London. There were to be two review days, one for the London men, the other for Westminster, Lambeth, and Southwark.

Everybody will have read the "Times" of last Saturday. Comparatively few are now living who

read the "Times" on the morning of the 26th October, 1803, for fifty-seven years makes awful gaps in households. Still, there may be some who remember being told to read out with proper emphasis and due discretion the Leading Article of the day. Those who did so read as follows:

"This day will offer one of the noblest and most exhilarating spectacles that can possibly be exhibited to an honest and patriotic Briton."

And the now aged reader may recollect that, after some manly and thoughtful remarks upon the subject of the national demonstration, the writer proceeds to say:

"IF THAT PRESUMPTUOUS MAN, BONAPARTE, COULD SEE THE SIGHT, WHAT AN AWFUL LESSON HE MIGHT LEARN."

But he could not see it, and would not learn it in print, and so we had to beat it into him for several years thence following; and having made the final impression upon him about this time of year in 1815, we permitted him to con it over in privacy and comfort for the rest of his life. It was a chivalrous way of treating a foul and bloody-minded burglar; and it may be a question whether, in the interests of humanity, similar treatment of a similar criminal, should such a one arise, will be held to be just. However, on with our notes.

The "Times" of that day is not a large paper. Four sides only; and though a respectable sheet, not an imposing one. It has but fifty-nine advertisements. They are not lively. The Two Original Invisible Girls are announced as included in the Grand Saloon of Arts and Illustrious Men, Wigley's Royal Promenade Rooms, Spring Gardens. Admission to the invisibilities, half-a-crown by day, three shillings at night; so that they might have been spirits like those of the Rapping Jugglers, and performed best in the dark. Mr. Richardson, at the hotel under the Little Piazza, Covent Garden, killed a fine green turtle that day, doubtless for the Volunteers. A person of Character and Connexions (with some interest) wanted to meet a gentleman desirous to retire from office. Honour, secrecy and 5000*l.* are among the advertiser's qualifications. I wonder what came of it. Instead of the column of close print in which all sorts of nobodies proclaim their conjugal and funeral happinesses, there is but a single announcement of a marriage. "Miss Deacon, of Wiggan Hall, near Watford," is married. I trust she has had a happy life. There is a second leading article, containing very sensible counsel as to what we should do with Domingo, when the French were expelled. Then we have the little bits of news. Firing has been heard at Deal. Preparations were being made for a Secret Expedition, and Dr. Addington had had a long interview with Lord St. Vincent. The rest of the paper is occupied chiefly with Volunteer news of all kinds, and a very mercilessly long address to the force: the writer, "Edgar," taking immense pains to prove to them that Bonaparte really means to come. It is explained, I am happy to say, that the Chelsea Pensioners have plenty of prayers read to them, though the contrary had been maliciously stated. Commendation of a tradesman's club at Dover, for drinking toasts in ridicule of Mr. Cobbett, and

for burning his books; and a paragraph thanking God that neither the King nor the people want a Minister from Brookes's or Newmarket, and that a man might have talents (contrary to Jacobin notions) without being a swindler or a sharper: mark the departing age of personalities, and curiously contrast with the honourable and manly tone of the paper generally. This was the "Times" of Volunteer-day, 1803; and when I have added that it notices with approbation the performance of "Henry V.," at Covent Garden, overnight, the patriotic character of the play, and John Kemble's acting being its principal merits—and, for the further delectation of theatrical readers, have said that at Drury Lane that night were performed the "Marriage Promise" (Lethe is a brave river), and "Fortune's Frolic" (which survives), and that at Covent Garden there was the opera of the "Cabinet," with Mr. Braham, and the "Irish Widow," I may come on to my notes of the Review.

No, no—one thing more. Will not the ladies like to know that the "Riding Habits" of that day were made with *military stomachers*? which is described as a just "compliment from the *Fair* to those who defend them." The *Italics* are those of the compositor of 1803, who, I suppose, has long since ceased to "justify."

And now for the story of the Review of so many of the 379,945 Volunteers as could be brought into Hyde Park in that memorable October.

As early as seven o'clock several of the corps entered the Park at the Grosvenor and Hyde Park Corner Gates. By eight o'clock all the corps stood assembled in close column of companies, in and behind the right of its own ground. A quartermaster, with the camp colour-men of each corps, was on the ground at seven, and one of them belonging to each corps attended at the different gates to conduct his regiment to its proper point. As the corps proceeded to their different stations, each marched with its right in front, so that when it arrived at the proper point the right division stood on the ground it was to occupy in the line, and the other divisions were in close column behind it. The advantage of this arrangement was, that all the corps could, without the slightest confusion, deploy into line as soon as the signal was given. Soon after nine o'clock, a signal gun, a 12-pounder, was fired, and the general line was formed by deploying to the left. The line was formed at close ranks. The ranks were then extended, and the officers advanced in front. The corps that had guns stationed them on their right. The deploying into line, the forming close ranks, and the subsequent opening of the ranks, were executed with the greatest precision.

The Earl of Harrington, who commanded the line, was on the ground by eight, as were Major-Generals Finch, Burrard (do you remember

Sir Arthur and Sir Harry, Sir Harry and Sir Hugh, Sing, cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle-doo;

Sir Arthur was a gallant knight, but for the other two, Sing, cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle-doo?)

Leslie, and Fitzroy. About nine, the Commander-in-Chief entered from Hyde Park Corner, with the Duke of Cambridge, and their aides-de-camp. Then came the Duke of Cumberland, in his Light Dragoon uniform. A few minutes before ten, a 12-pounder announced the King, and the whole army shouldered arms. King George came in his private carriage, with General the Duke of Kent, and Teddington Volunteer the Duke of Clarence. He came at the gate at Kensington, where His Majesty mounted his charger, and rode forward, preceded by the Life Guards and the Royal grooms with four led horses, elegantly caparisoned in caparisons that were not odious. He was attended by the Princes, and followed by Queen Charlotte, and Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth, in an open carriage. Princesses Sophia and Mary, and the Princess of Gloucester, also came. Opposite the entrance of Kensington Gardens the King was met by his son of York and a brilliant following. He was joined by the French Princes, Monsieur and the Princes de Condé, de Bourbon, and de Berri, on horseback—detesting the whole English assemblage, no doubt, but rejoicing in anything that promised mischief to their friend the First Consul and his revolutionary friends. There, too, rode the gallant Dumouriez.

A salute of twenty-one guns from the Artillery Company announced the King's entrance to the Park, and a second cannon his arrival at the centre of the line. The officers saluted, the corps presented arms, and the bands played the National Anthem. A third cannon, and the corps shouldered and then supported arms. The King then proceeded to the right of the line, and passed along from right to left, each corps carrying arms as His Majesty arrived near the right of the corps. While the King passed along the front the music played a variety of martial tunes.

The grandest part of the spectacle was when the King descended the hill to repass, at the "end" of the Serpentine (the report says "the bottom," but I suppose that is to be translated as above), to the corps on the left of the line, which were stationed along the footway to Kensington Gardens, with their front towards the water. By this time an October fog had partially risen, and the whole procession and the immense crowd came well into sight. "The *coup d'œil*," says the reporter of that day, "was grand beyond description," and he then of course endeavours to describe it, and decidedly proves his case so far as he was personally concerned. But the significance of the sight, Twelve Thousand Armed Freemen in presence of their King, was the real grandeur.

On the signal of a seventh gun, volleys were fired by battalions from centre to flanks, and on the eighth there went up three tremendous and unanimous cheers, amid the waving of hats, hands, and kerchiefs, and "God Save the King" from all the bands went once more throbbing into the air. A ninth gun, and the corps wheeled backwards on their left by divisions, and having passed His Majesty in the prescribed order, proceeded to quarters. This was about half-past one, and the King and

his party went by Rotten Row to "Buckingham House," followed by the crowd, whose aroused national sympathies broke out into incessant and enormous shouting. It is stated that no accidents occurred. The report dwells upon the fact, that the multitude was vastly swelled by accumulations from the country, everybody in a circle of twenty miles having gathered, and "many persons" having come "as much as one hundred miles" to be present. The "circle" of Saturday was widened, thanks to certain diagonal lines of iron.

The second review, on the next day but one, paraded a larger number of men, and though the fog—(expressly sent by Bonaparte, who

"Made the quartern loaf and Luddites rise,
And filled the butchers' shops with large blue flies")

—was very gloomy and scowling, it gave way in the presence of British valour, and the day was as splendidly successful as its predecessor. Son Frederick had his father's orders to convey to the Volunteers the expression of their King's highest approbation and heartfelt satisfaction, and the words of the General Order may appropriately be cited: "The spirit of loyalty and patriotism on which the system of the Armed Volunteers throughout the country was originally founded, has risen with the exigencies of the times, and at this moment forms such a bulwark to the constitution and liberties of the country, as will enable us, under the protection of Providence, to bid defiance to the unprovoked malice of our enemies, and to hurl back, with becoming indignation, the threats which they have presumed to vent against our independence, and even our existence, as a nation." It is a long sentence this, and I do not know whose pen helped our Son Frederick to such a breather, but it contained truths for that time, and truths that will serve again in this present year of Grace and month of June.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.



THE PILLION.



AMONGST the various changes which have passed upon our social habits within the last halfcentury, there are none which astonish us more, on looking back, than those which belong to our modes of travelling. That men must occasionally travel in the way of their business, must pass from market to market, or from town to town, and sometimes even from one country to another, has long been recognised as a necessity of their modes of existence; but with women the case was formerly very different,

and once in a life time to have seen the metropolis of their own country, was to respectable women of the middle ranks of society residing in the northern or midland counties of England, about as much as their locomotive propensities aspired to; while to visit the lake districts of Westmoreland and Cumberland was a romance reserved for that culminating point of happiness—the wedding tour.

The wonder is now what the dear, restless souls actually *did* with themselves when home became a little dull, and they wanted to be off somewhere, and the kind physician of the family thought a little change would do them good, and they thought so too.

Pondering upon this question the other day, and stretching my thoughts backward into the past, scarcely even so far as to half a century, I was forcibly and somewhat amusingly reminded of that now forgotten, though once important, accessory to locomotion—the pillion. I thought



also, that while there is so much worth recording in the "folk lore" of the people amongst whom our forefathers dwelt, it might not be uninteresting to know how our grandmothers were safely and comfortably conveyed from place to place; yes—and how they were sometimes wooed and won.

To the north of England, and the remote dales of Yorkshire, and, indeed, wherever the population has longest retained its agricultural character, we must go to find the habits of the people genuine, and true to old customs, and institutions: and here it is not necessary to look so far back as half a century for some of the scenes which I am about to describe, as connected with that truly dignified apparatus for travelling called the pillion.

As it is often a cause of astonishment, in reading of the exploits of knights and warriors of old, how their horses could, not only carry them and all their armour and accoutrements, but could also prance, and rear, and curvette, as they are represented in painting and sculpture to be doing; so it might become a matter of curiosity to know what kind of horses our grandfathers and grandmothers rode, seeing that the animal had so often to do double duty by carrying two instead of only one. Hence the terms riding *double*, and riding *single*, were in constant use; though from the greater rarity of the latter in the experience of most women, it was especially distinguished by the word *single*, the mere act of riding being more generally supposed to be on a pillion.

But what is a pillion? some fair dweller in our modern cities may be disposed to ask, if indeed she can spend even a passing thought upon a thing so obsolete, and forgotten. The thing in itself, however, does not deserve to be forgotten, as I will endeavour to show. In the first place it was very comfortable (to those who liked it), and enabled many a timid matron, and gentle maid, who would have been afraid to ride alone, to pass, under cover of her cloak and hood, many a long mile through the country, without ever being ruffled by wind or weather, and all the while in the safe and close protection of a man—perhaps the man she liked best in the world; and was that nothing?

In the joint partnership of this mode of travelling, a man to ride first was almost indispensable; and this, no doubt, to many female minds imparted a zest, as well as a sense of security. Such things have been known as two women riding double; but this can only be regarded as a spurious, and very inferior mode of conducting the concern.

The pillion itself was a thick, firm, well-stuffed, wide and level cushion, extending quite across the broadest part of the horse, with two deep flaps, one on either side. It was covered on the outside with the finest cloth, generally drab, and cut and stitched as carefully as the best made saddle. Seated on this firm, substantial seat, the lady had at her feet a comfortable footstool, consisting of a long, narrow stirrup, so swung on one side as to afford support even if she should choose to raise or adjust her person on the seat; while at her side, over the tail of the horse, was a leather handle, also exceedingly firm, which not only helped to keep her from slipping off, but even supported her like the arm of a chair. Beyond this,

if the lady chose, she might insist upon a leather girdle being worn by the man before her, so as to afford safe hold for her other hand; or, dispensing with the girdle, she might, in extreme danger, draw her own arm around the person of the man; but this resource our grandmothers, no doubt, reserved for cases very extreme indeed.

No arm-chair ever invented could be more comfortable, or feel more safe, than the actual seat of the pillion. But as all comforts are in a measure dependent on their accessories, and liable to be damaged by relative circumstances, so the comfort of the woman on the pillion was affected to an extent altogether beyond her control by the pace, and even by the form of the animal on which she rode. Rosa Bonheur's horses in the fair would have been admirable for this purpose, scarcely requiring a pillion at all. High-bred, narrow-shaped horses had to be altogether eschewed. They must have broad, comfortable backs, and the flatter the better, towards the tail. They must not go with a long launching pace, or the poor woman would roll like a boat in a rough sea. A quiet, regular, jig-jog, never lifting the feet high from the ground, was the pace required—just the next degree in swiftness to a walk—a pace into which horses naturally fall, and which, when their spirits are not too high, they seem to prefer to any other. Provided then the horse was strong enough for the weight of two persons, and provided its natural constitution comprehended a little touch of blood, as well as a vast amount of bone, which many Yorkshire horses did, it would travel in this jig-jog way for an immense distance without apparently suffering from fatigue. Pushed beyond this pace—spurred into a brisk trot, or worse, into a gallop—both horse and riders presented a spectacle more grotesque than it is easy to imagine, the poor woman having no power whatever to accommodate herself to such extraordinary circumstances.

Indeed, nothing could exceed the entire helplessness and utter dependence of this situation to a woman. Hence it agreed better with our grandmothers, than it would with us. All which the poor woman could do with the horse, let it behave as it might, would be to pull its tail—a mode of proceeding seldom found either soothing or salutary; and as to the man, her human companion, she could not even look him in the face. Let her disposition to coquetry be ever so strong, she might ogle, or smile, she might frown, or do anything she liked with her expressive features, he could not see them; and if he had not perceived that she was beautiful before he mounted into the saddle, he could never find it out there. Still, it is not to be doubted, but there might be sighs, or other sounds of peculiar meaning made intelligible even under these difficult circumstances; only that the bump, bump of the woman's form on the pillion, must have rather impeded the musical utterance of any long continued speech. Altogether, we are left to suppose that sound sense, rather than tender sentiment, characterised the intercourse of our ancestors when riding together two on one horse.

In proof of the entire absence of all independ-

ence of action on the part of the woman when riding in this style, many amusing facts might be told; such, for instance, as the sudden giving way of the straps, one on each side, by which alone the pillion was secured to the saddle, and so kept in its place. I recollect an instance of this occurring to a lady who was riding behind her brother up Lincoln Hill, and who suddenly found herself seated on the road, the pillion and its occupant having slipped over the tail of the horse, and reached the ground without much disturbance. Many stories used also to be told of men evidently not much interested in their partners, who arrived at the end of their journey minus the lady, yet all unconscious of having dropped her by the way.



There is at present sitting in parliament—or there was a little while ago—a very wealthy and influential gentleman of whom it was said that he obtained his first gold watch in the following manner. His mother, a widow, kept the purse, and she held the strings so tightly, that her son, even on attaining to years bordering upon manhood, after repeated efforts, was unable to prevail upon her to grant him the boon of a gold watch. So, one day, he took his mother out for a ride. They kept no carriage then, and indeed a carriage would have been of little use in places where the roads were often barely passable for horses. In the neighbourhood where they lived there was a long lane, remarkable for its depth of stiff, wet clay, abounding in holes and pools of mud. The son made choice of this lane for his ride with his mother behind him on her pillion; and having picked his way with many plunges, half the length of the lane, so that the difficulty of returning would be as great as that of going forward, he came to a dead halt, and deliberately stated his case to his mother, declaring that if she did not promise him the gold watch, he would then and there set her down in the lane, leaving her to get out of it as she could. The

poor lady having no power to help herself, made the promise, which, there can be no doubt, would be faithfully kept; but whether she ever ventured upon a pillion behind her son again, the story does not say.

(To be continued.)

THE THAMES.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.

DENHAM'S *Cooper's Hill*.

I LOVE the River Thames, notwithstanding all its metropolitan impurities; but it is most to be admired when it assumes the character of a rural river, reflecting many beautiful objects on its banks, and sparkling as it gently flows between verdant meadows. Here we may see in summer cattle cooling themselves in the shallows—always a pleasing sight. Sometimes, for want of a bridge, cows may be seen leaving a farmyard, morning and evening, and swimming across the river to their pastures on the opposite side, which they are taught to do from their *calf-hood*, and returning regularly to be milked. Then, among the rural sights, are to be seen numerous swallows flying or skimming over the surface of the stream. Here and there a beauteous kingfisher darts into it and emerges with a small fish in its beak, settling on some decayed branch of a tree to feed on it. A heron is now and then disturbed from its solitary watchings for a stray eel or frog, and takes its silent flight to some other locality. The soft and pleasing song of the willow-wren is heard in the small aits or islands as we pass along the river, while the lark carols sweetly in the upper regions of the sky. But the great interest to be derived from passing along the river is to be found in the many historical associations connected with its banks.

We have Runnymede at the foot of St. George's Hill—

Where England's antient Barons, clad in arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king,
Then render'd tame, did challenge and secure
The Charter of her freedom.

In the village of Chertsey the celebrated Abraham Cowley, one of my favourite poets, passed his latter life. The former part of it he had spent in supporting the Royal cause during the Civil Wars as far as he was able. When the country became settled he retired, at the age of forty, to his village, from whence nothing could again draw him into the bustle of the world. He had always Virgil's *Georgics* in his hands, which enlivened his favourite pursuits of husbandry and poetry.

Ingenious Cowley! courtly, though retired:
Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,
Not unemploy'd, but finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse.

Near Chertsey, or rather lower down the river, we have the Cowey Stakes, the place where Julius Cæsar is supposed to have crossed the Thames in his march out of Kent. This part of the river takes its name from the stakes which the natives drove into it in order to stop the progress of the

Romans. Some of these stakes still remain. Further on we come to Walton Bridge—part of which recently fell in. Before this took place it had a most singular appearance, and was one of the most beautiful and curious structures of the kind, perhaps, in Europe. It consisted of one vast arch, larger than the Rialto at Venice, and of two smaller ones. It was constructed of timber, and

in so artificial a manner that any decayed piece could easily be taken out without endangering the rest. At each end are several small stone arches to carry off the overflowing of the river. The whole is a very fine object of its kind, and, in some points of view, both the bridge and the river form picturesque and beautiful scenes. Here may generally be seen numerous swans, some with



their long necks feeding on weeds at the bottom of the river, and others resting listlessly with one of their feet turned on their backs.

The woods of Oatlands Park are seen to advantage from the bridge. At that place the good and amiable Duchess of York resided for many years.

At Hampton we come to the villa built by David Garrick; and here the river is adorned by a classic temple he erected on its banks dedicated to the genius of Shakspeare. In this villa Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other members of the Literary Club often assembled.

We will not pause to mention the many historical facts connected with Hampton Court; but proceeding down the river, on the banks of which

are many villages, and villa after villa unfold themselves to the eye. One of these was Pope's, with its little lawn, but, alas! no longer with its two weeping willows hanging over the river. It is a pleasing object, and, from the recollections it cannot fail to excite, will always be considered an interesting one. Some little anecdotes of the poet may still be collected at Twickenham, and I have heard from three different persons, one of whom was the late Mr. Rogers, that they had spoken to the old waterman, who for many years rowed Pope on the Thames. He was in the habit of having his sedan-chair lifted into the punt. If the weather was fine, he let down the glasses; if cold, he pulled them up. He would sometimes

say to the waterman (this is his own account), "John, I am going to repeat some verses to you; take care and remember them the next time I go out." When that time came, Pope would say: "John, where are the verses I told you of?"—"I have forgotten them, sir."—"John, you are a blockhead—I must write them down for you." John said that no one thought of saying, when speaking of him, Mr. Pope, but he was always called Mr. Alexander. In one of his poems, he, with considerable bitterness, attacks a Mr. Secretary Johnson, a neighbour of his, residing at a villa on the banks of the Thames, now called Orleans House, and refers with considerable spite to his "Dog and Bitch." No commentator on Pope's works has ever been able to discover what was meant by a reference to these animals. I have, however, been the means of making the discovery. On each side of the lawn of Orleans House there are walls covered with ivy. In the centre of each wall the ivy appeared much raised above the rest. A friend, residing near, at my request examined these portions of the walls, and, concealed in the raised ivy, he discovered on one wall a dog carved in stone, and on the other a stone bitch.* Now it is certain that when John punted the poet up and down the river, he could readily see these animals, and thence his satire.

On leaving Twickenham Reach, the closing scene is formed into a good river view. A point of land shoots out into the river, and on the left is adorned with lofty trees. On the right Lord Dysart's park extends far into the landscape, and beyond it Richmond Hill rises into the distance. But amongst the numerous villas in this neighbourhood, Lady Suffolk's, now General Peel's, makes the best appearance from the river. It stands in a woody recess, with a fine lawn descending to the water. It has many historical associations.

We now come to Richmond, and here we quit our notice of the Thames, for it is full of impurities; like the Lake of Avernus, even swallows avoid it, and are never seen skimming over its polluted surface.

EDWARD JESSE.



ESSEX ELEPHANTS.

THE great home county of Essex is less explored by strangers than almost any shire in England. Its margin, seen from the Thames, is so truly uninviting, and the way to it through the eastern limb of London, by Aldgate, Whitechapel, Mile End, and Stratford, is so dull, so flat, so poverty-stricken, and so redolent of odours, that persons

who have travelled their country tolerably well, have left this material portion of it unvisited.

Yet Essex has its claims on our attention. It possesses decided beauties—its Chigwell Row, its Laindon Hills, and, till lately, its large and picturesque forests of Epping and Hainault. Within their shade rose Havering-atte-Bower, the residence of Edward the Confessor, and Wanstead House and Park, where a king, "out by rotation," found a princely home. Within the last few years, alas! the woodcutter's axe has been busy among the Hornbeams and other trees, and the deer-trodden thickets are fast disappearing before modern improvements.

To the antiquary the eastern kingdom is filled with interest. Who it was that embanked the Thames and the Lea, and by converting swamps into rivers gave large pastures to Essex and Hertfordshire, is a question still to be answered. Being done, the Danish snake-ships, entering the Lea at Barking Creek, sailed up to Hertford, as they probably sailed up the Fleta to Battle Bridge. The great street, proceeding due east from London, crosses the Lea and several of its branches; the latter having their origin in trenches and counter-trenches cut for strategic purposes. Stratford-le-Bow—i.e., the street-ford with a bridge (*de arcu*)—is memorable as the locality of the first stone arch, and is supposed to be the place intended in the ancient nursery song—

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lea.

Adjoining Bow, the chapel of St. Leonard's, Bromley, marks the escape from drowning of the Empress Matilda. Across the river commences Stratford Langthorne, where, in Mary's reign, eleven persons were burnt to death. Looking northward from the road, which, through the lower portion of Stratford, is constructed on a causeway, Leyton Church is seen, planted on a slight elevation, the first from the river in a distance of about five miles. The site was probably taken for a *Prætorium* by the Romans, and a stone coffin, in good preservation, was here discovered in making the cutting for the Cambridge line of railway. Half a mile from the church, on the winding Lea, beloved by Izaak Walton, is situated Temple Mill. Corn-mills were property not at all despised by the lofty Knights Templars.

Still keeping our faces turned to the rising sun, three or four miles brings us to the village of Ilford, a word commemorating difficulties once experienced in crossing the little river Roden, which here opposed the traveller's passage. An equal distance onward, another small affluent of the Thames imparts its name to the town of Romford. But our special business at present is with the former locality, and we dismiss our antiquarian guide and ask a geologist cicerone.

To "those who understand their epoch," it is a result of exceeding interest to have witnessed a great science grow, in their own life of forty years, from stammering childhood to adolescence; to have seen almost the first uncertain beams of geology struggling in the morning sky, and then, from hour to hour, pouring in a flood of accumulating facts,

and classifying them into a marvellous system. Persons born since the commencement of the present century remember geology in its pre-scientific condition, and will recal with a thoughtful smile the detached fact, the isolated mineral specimen, or remarkable local formation, which first drew their attention to the subject.

The long, grey, old church of West Ham, which stands half a mile riverward of Stratford, contained, in years past, some objects likely to attract the wandering eyes of a child during a sermon. The great silken colours of the West Ham Volunteers hung dustily and discoloured below the tall chancel arch. Below them, an elaborate lion and unicorn, the size of cubs, smiled ferociously on the preacher as he passed between them to his elevated pulpit; and at the east end of the church, leaning against an altar-tomb, two immense bones rested—one being a shoulder-blade, three feet in length, and the other a rib—concerning which relics the inquirer was shortly answered that they were *mammoth bones*. The spark of interest thus kindled in our own breast towards osteology might have easily died out again, had it not been followed, some two and thirty years ago, by a neighbour presenting to our youthful collection of curiosities a few pieces of fossilized ivory, exhumed at Ilford in a spot where the ground had been opened for brick-making. Many persons visited the *diggings* daily; but until lately, when an enlightened curiosity has been established, the discoveries ceased to command attention; and, doubtless, great numbers of mammoth relics have been found, and then lost for ever. During the last two years, however, greater care has been taken. The proprietor of the brick-field gave to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, much devoted to geology, full powers over all the animal remains discovered—and, what was of the highest importance, left orders that his workmen should notify to Mr. Brady their having come upon any bones. Thus he was able to examine them *in situ*, and to prevent, in a great measure, their injury or destruction. In this one field (and there are two other brick-fields near it) the remains of at least eight elephants have been brought to light. A short account of their discovery was read by Mr. Brady at the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, in September last. The bones of the elephant (*Elephas primigenius*) are found associated with those of the rhinoceros, the Irish elk, the horse, and the ox. An immense tusk was discovered, fourteen feet below the level of the soil, to see which, before it was disturbed, Sir Charles Lyell and other eminent geologists were invited. The tusk was deficient of both extremities, but the portion rescued was nine feet long and of great thickness. Since that time a bone of enormous size belonging to a whale has been extracted.

The geological position of these relics is the Pleistocene, or latest tertiary formation. The vein in which they occur varies from five to ten feet in thickness, and consists of sandy gravel. It underlies the band of brick-earth already mentioned, into which some of the bones intrude, and thus attract the notice of the brick-makers. Above the brick-earth is the extensive and valuable bed of scarlet gravel for which this part of Essex is

celebrated. This bed, with the vegetable mould which covers it in, is from four to six feet in depth at Ilford. In other spots the gravel has been worked as deep as twenty feet. Beneath all is the great deposit of the London clay.

Though the excavations at Ilford have been singularly productive in the discovery of animal remains, it is not to be understood that they exist in that site only. In other parts of Essex and also in Middlesex coming within the basin of the Thames, similar bones have been brought to light. Remains of the elephant have been met with at Grays, at Harwich, at Erith, at Brentford, at Kingsland, and, within a few months past, at Charing Cross. At Erith the lion and hyena, and at Grays the bear, add the carnivora order to the list of animals given above.

A view of the circumstances leads to the plausible conjecture that, in its main features, the configuration of land and water was the same when these herds of strangely associated animals lived as it is now. The estuary of the Thames probably ran up farther inland; and the waters of the river, before they had cut themselves deep channels, and before the hand of man was at work to confine them within useful limits, spread widely in marsh and morass, till they touched the feet of the hills in Kent and Essex. Dr. Anderson has lately speculated on the condition of the Mediterranean, before a sinking of the ground-level between the Pillars of Hercules allowed the Atlantic waves to fill the depressed savannah through which the Eastern waters made their way to the ocean, and expatiated to great distances on either side their centre course. Thus, he accounts for the remains of hippopotami found there—the herds of which must have been counted not by thousands, but by tens of thousands.

But it must always be remembered in the case of the Essex deposits we have described, that they are in the *drift*—a name at once suggestive of the washing together, or other transportation of rocks and organisms, which may previously have been scattered, and distant from each other. Indeed, where carnivora abound, the weaker kinds among the other orders must necessarily disappear. To meet with traces of their association in one place would indicate a disturbance either of the surface on which they dwelt, or of their very natures. We can hardly conceive of “a happy and united family” on so grand a scale, and without the restraints of a cage or a keeper.

In all this search for bones in the drift, and it has now been long and extensive, no flint instruments or any presumptive remains of man have been discovered. This evidence is, it is true, negative only; but it has its significance, and must be allowed its due weight in the discussion proceeding as to the first era of mankind. The drift and the gravel are the concluding page of geological history. The animals found do not differ greatly in their construction from existing species; some of them are identical; the date of their disappearance does not require to be removed very greatly from our historic period. Therefore, if anywhere, we have here a right to anticipate the discovery of traces of human existence; but there are none—none up to the present time have been

brought to light; nothing has been lifted from the ground to picture to our imagination the noble savage contending for existence with foes exceeding himself in passion and in strength—his whole armoury consisting of a sharpened flint, and the fires of his enkindled eye.

The fact that, still more recently, even within the last few months, a wrought millstone has been discovered near the bone deposits, does not militate against these remarks, for it was found in a peaty earth of yet more recent date, though undoubtedly very ancient, and in the society of remains of existing species. Thus, transported materials are likely, for the present, to create trouble and doubts amongst geologists, till science, advancing in its lesson, fits in these additional pieces to its puzzle.

Our inquiries as to the fate of the "mammoth bones" which formed the ossuary of All Saints, West Ham, are unsuccessful. Three things may have happened. They may have been decently interred in the churchyard before it was closed for sepulture; or they may have been crushed to manure the corn-lands of that parish; or they may have entered more immediately into our cereal food by being ground and mixed with flour.

MANLEY HOPKINS.

A RUN FOR A PLACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the annual increase in the Civil Service Estimates, and the efforts which, we learn from "Punch," are being made in Dean's Yard to raise the examinations to the proper standard, the Service is not what it was. We use these words in the popular and depreciatory sense, with the conventional shake of the head as we write them, which our readers may have observed to be their usual accompaniment. The present system has a tendency to check the graceful benevolence of the Prime Minister; and is there any virtue which a heral nation, like the English, could wish to see more strongly developed in that functionary? Snug berths are on the decrease. There is a mean and revolutionary idea becoming prevalent that men should work their way upwards; in fact, that it is better to enter the ship through the hawse-hole than by the cabin win-

dows. It has become more difficult now for a secretary of state to reward, with a quiet two thousand a-year, the Eton chum who stood point to his bowling, or the Christchurch man who kept on the same staircase, and helped him to screw in the dean. But some five-and-thirty years ago, such an exercise of benevolence was not only possible but practicable, and occasionally practised.

On a fine May morning, in the year 182—, Mr. Scenter was pacing the High Street of that large sea-port, Shortpond, with very rapid steps. He had not got more than a dozen yards down the left-hand side before he met Mr. Chaser. Now, Chaser was a man whom he knew so well, that he felt bound to stop and speak a word to him, though evidently chafing at the delay.

"Heard the news?" he inquired.

"No,—what is it?" replied Chaser.

"Filliter died at nine this morning."

"You don't say so."

And they nodded and passed on.

Now, be it known to our readers, that the lamented Filliter had been his Majesty's Inspector of Hampers and Comptroller of Carpet-bags in the good port of Shortpond. The duties connected with that office were admirably performed by subordinates with whom Filliter had the good sense not to interfere, feeling that he should probably obstruct public business if he did. He therefore limited his attendance at the Hamper and Carpet-bag office, appearing there only on the last day of each quarter, when he signed his salary-receipt for five hundred pounds.

Mr. Scenter walked on pretty rapidly until he reached the Blue Lion. A quarter of an hour afterwards he was rattling along the London road as fast as a postchaise-and-four could take him.

He had good reasons for his haste. He had had the honour of blacking the Prime Minister's boots in earlier days, as his fag at Eton, and the acquaintance had not been allowed to drop. When Lord C—— came in, it was clearly understood that something was to be done for Scenter. They had only been waiting for a vacancy to occur, which might be worth his acceptance. The office of Inspector of Hampers and Comptroller of Carpet-bags at Shortpond was the very thing. Pleasant visions floated in his brain as he lolled back in the chaise and enjoyed the exhilaration of rapid motion; for the post-boys had been made clearly to understand that their tip would depend on their pace.

It occurred to him that an additional two thousand a-year was the exact sum which, as he had frequently observed, would make him comfortable. When he reached the end of the first stage, he continued his meditations in the inn-yard, pacing up and down, as he waited for fresh horses.

He was still debating about a second hunter, and a pair of greys for Mrs. S——, thinking which purchase he should make first, when a second postchaise-and-four dashed into the yard, with horses a shade more blown than his own.

Out of this vehicle stepped Mr. Chaser. Now Mr. Chaser's relations with the noble lord at the head of the government were not very dissimilar in their nature to Mr. Scenter's, as the latter gentleman now remembered.

If he had thought of it about an hour before in the High Street of Shortpond, it is possible that he would not have been so communicative on the subject of Filliter's death.

As the two men met, the first glance they exchanged told each the other's object.

"Of course we are bound on the same errand?" said Scenter.

"Then we may as well travel together," said Chaser. "The winner can pay the shot."

"By all means." So the bargain was made.

By the tacit consent of both parties the subject of the appointment was tabooed during their journey. After seventeen hours' posting, they arrived in London at half-past three A.M.

"Nothing to be done for the next four hours," said Scenter, "so I shall take a snooze. I shall be stirring pretty early in the morning, though."

"Perhaps it would be as well," replied Chaser; but whether this was intended to apply to the former or the latter part of his friend's observation, there was nothing to show.

So Mr. Scenter walked off to bed, giving the strictest orders to the boots to call him at six. Mr. Chaser waited in the coffee-room until his friend had retired, and then took a hackney-coach to Lord C——'s.

He found no difficulty in obtaining admittance, but when he said he must see Lord C—— immediately, it was quite another thing.

"His lordship did not come back from the house till past two, and I know he was very tired, and cannot possibly be disturbed."

"I must see him all the same," said the persevering Chaser, "and immediately too."

"Is it despatches, sir?"

"Of more importance than despatches," was the reply.

"Very sorry, sir, but it is quite impossible; it would be as much as my place is worth."

"How much is your place worth?" inquired Chaser with the most perfect coolness, for it was whispered that Lord C—— was not the best paymaster in the world.

To this query the domestic did not find a ready reply, so Chaser pushed two bank-notes into his hand, and passing him, charged up the staircase three steps at a time. The contemplation of the signature, "Abraham Newland," to which perhaps his eyes had not lately been accustomed, prevented the servant from stopping him.

Chaser soon found his way to Lord C——'s bedroom. That nobleman was aroused by his knock at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Alvanley Chaser."

"And what gives me the pleasure of seeing, or rather blinking at, Mr. Alvanley Chaser at this hour of the morning?"

"Filliter is dead."

"And who may Filliter be? or rather, I should say, what may Filliter have been?"

"Inspector of Hampers and Comptroller of Carpet-bags for Shortpond."

"I understand."

"May I have it?"

"Well, you are certainly the first in the field,

and I suppose if I wish to have my night's rest, I had better say 'yes,' at once."

Chaser turned to the pen and ink on the dressing-table and began to write.

"Won't you take my word?" said Lord C——.

"Why, you know between man and man I should prefer your word to anybody's; but, as a minister, I should like to have your signature to this."

Lord C—— laughed, and put his autograph to the formal promise Chaser had written out.

"And now I won't disturb you any longer."

"Thank you; come to breakfast."

"I shall be most happy. Adieu."

And Chaser returned to the hotel, gave orders that he should be called at eight, and went comfortably to bed.

Mr. Scenter arose at six in the morning. To tell the truth, notwithstanding the fatigue of his journey, he had not been able to sleep. At six then he arose, and arranged himself carefully for an interview with the great man. It is strange how careful men are upon these occasions, although, upon cross-examination, they would aver that their personal appearance could make no difference to the result of their application. On reflection, Scenter would have felt that his chance might have been strengthened, if he could have become an Eton boy once more; but that a round jacket and ink-stained trousers would scarcely become a corpulent gentleman with a bald head.

Nevertheless, during his drive to Lord C——'s, he was tormented by a hole in his glove, and acathematised the laziness of London hosiers, whose shops were not likely to be opened for some hours to come. He arrived at Lord C——'s at seven. He had the advantage of being known to the servants, for he had dined at the house more than once, when he was last in town. He was informed that Lord C—— would be down at half-past nine, and a *douceur* obtained the promise that he should be shown in before any one else.

This promise was faithfully kept. As Scenter waited in the library he was surprised that he saw nothing of his friend. He comforted himself with the reflection that the servants might possibly have kept him in the hall.

As the clock struck the half-hour he was ushered into Lord C——'s presence.

In a very few words he stated the fact of Filliter's death, and asked for the appointment.

"I am very sorry," replied Lord C——, "I should really have been very glad to have obliged you, but it is already promised."

"Promised!" said Scenter. "Why, he only died at nine o'clock yesterday morning."

"It is more than promised," replied Lord C——, "it is already given away. In fact, I have affixed my signature to the appointment."

"Then I will not detain you, my lord."

"You had better stay and have some breakfast."

Alas, Scenter did not feel equal to breakfast at that moment. Therefore he declined the invitation, unwisely, for he might have heard of something else; and there were many other appointments for which he was as fit as he was

for the control of the hampers and carpet-bags at Shortpond.

He departed sorrowfully. It is to be feared that if there was one crumb of comfort on which he allowed his imagination to feed, it was on the belief that Chaser had been equally unsuccessful.

Of this morsel he was destined soon to be deprived. As he descended the steps of the house he met Chaser coming up.

"It is no use," he said to that gentleman, "you are too late."

"For breakfast?" inquired Mr. Chaser.

"No, for the appointment; it has been given away."

"Yes, to me," observed Chaser, "at four this morning."

After this the conversation was not prolonged.

H.

THE PILLION.

(Concluded from page 108.)



LIKE all other partnerships, though in a greater degree than most, the pleasure of riding double was dependent upon being suitably matched. Nothing, for instance, could look more incongruous than a large woman seated on a pillion behind a little man, especially as the thick cushion, provided for her use, was always much higher than the saddle before it. A boy was sometimes sent to escort a portly matron in this way, of which a curious instance occurred under the observation of a friend of mine. She had been struck with the length of time that a horse remained at a gate upon the road near her residence, and looking out more intently to ascertain the cause, she perceived a large female-figure seated on a pillion behind; but, to all appearance, a vacant saddle in front. On further investigation, however, she discovered that an extremely little boy was stretching himself downwards to open the gate, but in vain, the horse being an animal of more than usual height. The majestic dame, however, was not one to be baffled by a difficulty of this kind; so, reaching out her powerful arm, she held the little boy by one leg while he unfastened the gate, thus securing his safe reinstatement in the saddle.

Scenes of a similar kind to this were by no means unfrequent at that time of the year, when servants in the North and East Riding of Yorkshire changed their places. It was a custom of old standing in the agricultural parts of that county, for all servants to enjoy one week of entire liberty, to return to their homes, visit their friends, or do what they liked; so that, whether

they went to new situations or not, they all left the old one to take care of itself, during the whole week at Martinmas. In addition to this, the women all expected to be *fetched* to their places—boxes, bundles, and all—holding out under all circumstances against walking, or going by themselves without conveyance or escort. Thus, where the women servants were numerous, and the places wide apart, the riding about with pillions created quite a stir in the country; and the arrival of each with her bundle on her lap—or perhaps her handbox there, and the bundle on the arm of the man or boy—was a very dignified, as well as interesting occasion.

I remember a circumstance connected with this mode of transit for female servants, which exceeded most things I ever met with for coolness, or, if one might choose to call it so, for *heroism*; and indeed, there can be little doubt but that the word *heroism* has often been used with no more legitimate application, for how much of what people call *daring* is, in reality, like that which I am about to describe—nothing but ignorance?

I was staying at the country residence of a family, the two oldest sons of which were amongst the first to make that melancholy experiment of a settlement on Swan River. Emigration, especially to Australia, was a very different affair at that time from what it is now. The two sons were taking out with them a number of workmen, each to be mated with a wife, or if not married, the men and women were to be equal in number; and by way of preparation for at least two years' payment of these people in clothing instead of money, an immense assortment of goods had been made ready, besides a wood house in compartments, to be fitted up on their arrival.

It would be impossible to describe the interest at that time attaching to such transactions, all

going on within and around a spacious country mansion, to which almost everything was brought before the final departure of the little company. Amongst other provisions were a number of fighting dogs, intended as a defence against the wild dogs of the country, and specimens of this tribe of animal were brought every day to have their warlike capabilities tested in single combat with other dogs; so that the sounds, as well as the sights, by which we were surrounded, were both animated and extraordinary.

All went on, however, steadily and successfully, with only one exception. The case of one female of the party seemed doubtful. I forget whether it was that one of the men did not feel secure in his matrimonial speculations; but so it was, that



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falling this one woman, another must be found. My friend, the sister of the emigrants, was never at a loss. Devoted to the interests of her brothers, she did not fail them here; but spoke confidentially to a robust young kitchen-maid in the house, whose characteristic reply was, that she "*didn't mind*." She was therefore kept in reserve to supply the deficiency, as the case might turn out; and in the meantime, she milked her cows, washed her dishes, and went about her work in every respect exactly the same as usual. The place from which the party were to sail was distant about twenty miles; and, as the time drew near, and all things were got into a state of readiness, the probability of this girl being wanted died away.

I shall never forget the morning of the great departure, for such things were *great* in those days, nor how my friend and I stood at the dining-room windows, looking out over the then silent fields, wondering and prognosticating what would be the probable future of the party, though scarcely apprehending anything so disastrous as the reality which ensued. Indeed, there was a

good deal of hope mingled with our speculations; only that the vast amount of bustle, and life, and interest about the place suddenly ceasing, had left us rather flat.

We had risen early, and had a long morning for our cogitations. We knew the vessel was to sail that afternoon. Silent as everything was around us, we were constantly looking out from the windows, when, a little before twelve o'clock, we espied a man on a great horse, tearing the ground at full gallop, with an empty pillion behind him. He had come at that speed to fetch the kitchen-maid to go out to Australia. The other woman had failed them; and he must be back, over his twenty miles ride, as fast as the horse could carry them both. And what did the kitchen-maid do? She neither screamed, nor shed a tear; but washed her hands, and packed up her things in a handbox and bundle, and was off in half an hour on the pillion behind the man at full gallop. If this was not behaving like a heroine, I should be glad to know what is.

In connection with the same friend of my early years—a sort of Diana Vernon in her way—there

comes vividly back to my recollection a scene which I have heard her describe, of a very different character from the last, though still connected with the pillion. This lady and three or four of her companions dared, or were dared by their gentlemen friends, to go out coursing with them on pillions. I think there were five or six couples in the field. All of course went well enough until the hare was started. The horses were of high mettle, and then away they went. The ladies kept their seats until a ploughed field had to be crossed, when the horses with their double load plunged so violently, that they all flew off in different directions, not one remaining to risk the experiment of the leap over the surrounding fence.

But if the female partnership in the double-riding was of a somewhat subservient and dependent nature, there were cases—and my father used to tell of one—in which the man had undoubtedly the worst of it. To this man, at least, it was so, though many might have considered his situation less disagreeable than he did. On this occasion a lady of great dignity and importance had to be conducted, in the usual way, along with other members of the family with whom she was visiting; and, as there must always have been considerable difficulty in portioning out the different couples in the outset, it so chanced that an unusually bashful young man was appointed to be her conductor. To a man of this description it must have been rather a delicate affair to find himself completely fixed into a place so very close to any woman; but, in this instance, he was especially covered with confusion. Once in the saddle, however, and his back to the lady, the worst would be over, and his blushes, because unseen, would naturally cease. Whether from embarrassment attendant upon his circumstances, or from some other cause, this ill-assorted couple had not proceeded far before the young man dropped his whip. He had to dismount to pick it up, and being, most probably, not a very experienced rider, in mounting again he committed the oversight of turning himself the wrong way, and put his foot in the stirrup so that his seat in the saddle was exactly reversed—his back being to the head of the horse, and his face almost in direct collision with that of the lady.

Upon the whole, however, with the exception of a few rare instances, this mode of travelling was most sedate and dignified. It was by no means confined to the ruder portions of society—many a lady of wealth and influence being conducted in this manner by her footman, when making her formal calls. Many pleasant parties, too, were made up by such couples, and long journeys, as far as from York to London, were performed by slow stages in this manner. A little farther back, we see even the fair young bride conveyed to her new home on a pillion behind her happy husband, with her wedding garments still upon her.

I have often listened with peculiar interest to the descriptions which I persuaded a very handsome old lady to give me of the style in which she rode to her husband's home, on a pillion behind him, on her wedding-day. She said her hat was of white satin, tied with a broad white ribbon. I forget what was the kind of gown she wore, but I know there was spread over it in front a wide, clear, India muslin apron; that over her shoulders was drawn a delicate silk shawl, neatly pinned down at the waist; while on her arms she had long silk mittens, which just left uncovered a bit of the fine round arm near the elbow. The gentleman was a physician of talent and property, so that it was from no degrading necessity that they travelled in this style; and if the wonderfully handsome countenance of a woman of eighty may be interpreted as a record of her youthful beauty, he must, in that journey, have turned his back upon a picture as attractive as ever charmed a lover's fancy.

S. S.



TENBY.

"WHERE shall we go this summer?" is the question most commonly put by her Majesty's lieges at this time of the year—by the gay, but pale-faced London family, satiated with the round of perpetual parties—the hard working clergyman who feels unusually "Monday-ish," and considers that his throat requires a course of sea air—the merchant and clerk, pining for a cessation from the monotonous circle of account books and ledger—

the Paterfamilias, with whom it is a point of honour to shut up his house once a year, and take his Penates for a dip in the sea—the University man, possessed with the mysterious notion that he ought to join a reading party—the old fogey, who only goes to watering-places because other people go—the geologist, who takes down his beloved hammer, rusty with a winter's idleness—the botanist, whom the discovery of a new fern will make happy for a twelvemonth, or the zoologist, dreaming of rare and miraculous actinæ. All

join in the same cry, and hold consultations, at which the merits of the various watering places are discussed. Brighton, too fast—Worthing, too dear—Ventnor, too hot—Torquay, too many invalids, and so on. I would recommend all uncertain parties to drive to Paddington, take a ticket to Narberth Road, and visit Tenby, as sweet a spot as any in England or Wales. My earliest associations of watering-places date from Tenby, and although since then I have seen almost every one in England and Wales, I return to my first



The Castle, Tenby.

love, in the strong conviction, that it excels all others. First appearances go a long way, and from whichever side Tenby is approached, whether by water from Bristol or Ilfracombe, or by land from Narberth and Pembroke, it looks well, owing to the peculiarity and beauty of its situation. A peninsula of lofty limestone rocks runs seaward with a graceful curve, backed up on the land-side by wooded rising ground, and terminating in a rugged and abrupt promontory. The town and suburbs present a singularly beautiful appearance

from the bay, as they follow the line of cliffs, the most prominent object being the slender spire of the church, which is for many miles a conspicuous landmark for Channel ships. The terraces and houses nestling down to the water's edge, look so gay and bright, that were it not for the ruins of the old castle, one would be tempted to set it down as a place of yesterday. That would be a mistake, however, for few, if any, watering places in England can boast of such antiquity.

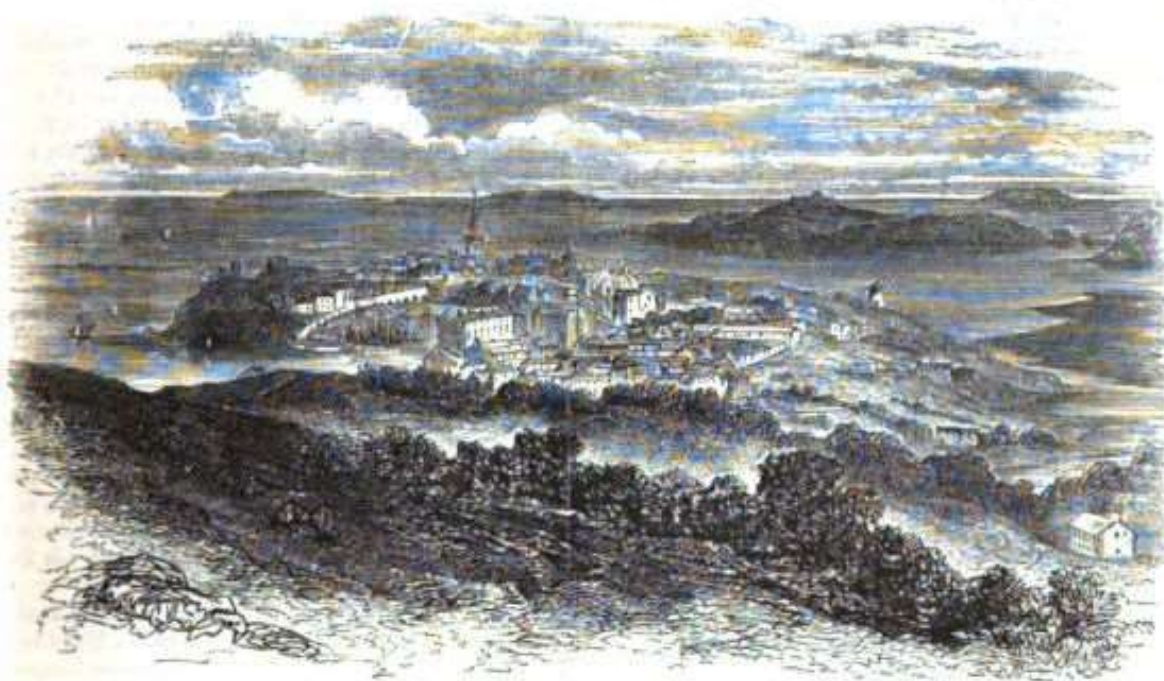
Its origin is popularly ascribed to a colony of

Flemish clothiers, driven from their own homes by an inundation, in the reign of Henry I., who was glad enough to have such a solid and industrious race settled down here; but even before the arrival of these strangers, it was a flourishing fishing village, known as "Dyneych y Pyscoed," or the Precipice of Fishes.

Tenby was at its greatest, however, in the time of Henry VII. and VIII., the former of whom deigned to make use of the castle as an asylum, while he was waiting to escape to Brittany, which he eventually did by the help of White, a wealthy merchant. The town was well garrisoned and fortified during the alarm of the Spanish Armada, and a considerable portion of the walls and ruined towers are still in good preservation, particularly on the south-west and north-west sides, which afford an agreeable walk. The lounge of Tenby,

par excellence, is the Castle Hill, a rugged promontory almost surrounded by the sea, and crowned by the ruins of the keep.

A person must be hard to please, if he cannot enjoy a summer's afternoon here at high-water, when he can lie on the grass and lazily watch the waves as they come rolling in, to break with impetuous disappointment on the water-worn cliffs below; when he can cast his eyes, almost without moving, over the wide sweep of Carmarthen Bay, with its graceful outlines of hills dotted here and there with white villages, and terminated by the fantastic point of Worm's Head (up which I have many a time seen the breakers dashing, though at a distance of twenty miles), when the strains of the music (though not always of irreproachable tune), float pleasantly on the ear, mingled with the hum of voices and the deep



Tenby from the high ground.

boom of the breakers—Verily, I say, if a man cannot be happy under such circumstances, he does not deserve to live.

The ruins of the Castle are not extensive, and consist principally of the keep, a small round tower, with a square one attached to it, and commanding from the summit a view of the other watch-tower, which gave to the town the alarm of an approach by land. One of these is still remaining on a hill near Ivy Tower, above the road to Pater, and there is a second on the Burrows: a third and fourth on Windmill Hill and the Ridgeway have been destroyed. Besides the walls and the keep, the antiquarian may examine the church, which contains a singular west doorway, a beautiful flight of steps leading to the altar, and a curiously carved wooden roof, known by architects as a cradle roof. There are also some good monuments, amongst which is one in memory of the Whites, the wealthy merchants aforesaid, who helped Henry of Richmond out of the kingdom.

But, perhaps, gentle reader, you turn up your nose at antiquities, and all such old-fashioned lore, and go in for the "ologies." If you are a zoologist, then, explore the rugged cliffs and recesses of St. Catherine's Island at low water, and do not get too much engrossed with your occupation; for I have known some people look up from their actinæ, and make the pleasing discovery that the tide had risen, and cut them off from the shore, thus reducing them to spend several hours more than they liked on the island. The geologist will be struck with the foliated appearance of the limestone strata, which has been worn by the action of countless breakers into fantastic forms and caverns. In the rock basins left by the retreating tide, the admirers of zoophytes will find here employment for many a long day, as also at the Monkstone Rock (which stands out isolated on the North Sands), and on the cliffs round by Giltar and Lydstep.

To the south of Tenby, the coast dwindles down into sand burrows, but again rises to a considerable

height at the headland of Giltar Point, beyond which the pedestrian will find a slight difficulty in the shape of lofty precipices and deep water, so that he must clamber up the rocks as best he can, and keep along the edge of the down to Proud Giltar.

About a mile from land is one of the great Bristol Channel islands, that of Caldy, which is a favourite water excursion from Tenby for those who are fond of boating. Caldy Island is of considerable extent, and at low water is connected by a ridge of rocks with St. Margaret's. Moreover it is inhabited by the lord of the manor, Mr. Kynaston, whose modern house is incorporated with a more ancient building, probably the ruins of a monastic establishment, which formerly existed here. The light-house here is a great lion for visitors, and a great boon to mariners, for it lights up a particularly dangerous part of the Channel highway. The brethren of the hammer will find here a fair show of limestone fossils, and an interesting junction of the carboniferous and old red sandstone formations, while at a place called Eel Point bones of animals have been discovered. For those parties with whom water excursions disagree, there are plenty of places to be visited in the neighbourhood of Tenby, and plenty of means for visiting them. All day long, carriages are rattling about the streets and terraces, from the stylish looking break down to the funny little one-horse "chays," which are indigenous to the town, and very abundant. On the road to Penally and Lydstep Caverns, you may meet scores of these small vehicles going down-hill (particularly Windpipe Lane), at a pace wonderful to behold, and turning the corners (of which there are many) in a glorious uncertainty as to what may be meeting them. Penally is a charming little village, about a couple of miles off, placed on a well-wooded rising ground, and containing a picturesque church and some crosses in the churchyard, which is said to have been the resting place of Saint Teilo, the patron saint of Llandaff. A very pious saint was he, and a politic, for it is recorded of him, that after his death, three churches, viz., Llandaff, Penally, and Llandeilo disputed with each other as to the ownership of his bones, and not being able to settle the point satisfactorily, agreed to petition the saint to reveal himself to the church which really possessed them. He listened graciously to their prayer, and unwilling to disappoint such zealous disciples, showed himself in three separate but similar bodies, one for each church, to their great joy and exultation.

A little before you come to Penally, there is, close to the road-side, a curious cavern, known as Hoyle's Mouth. It is in the limestone rock, and has been actually explored for a distance of 159 feet. For those who are fond of wriggling themselves in uncomfortable attitudes through narrow passages, this is just the place to suit them: only, visitors must be careful not to penetrate too far, or they may find that they emerge into daylight again at Pembroke Castle—so runs the legend, which doubtless was current before the days of geological research, which unfortunately for the subterranean passages,

shows us that the Ridgeway, a long elevated upthrow of old red sandstones, intervenes between the two places, and thus renders the communication impossible.

A very favourite excursion is that through Penally and Lydstep to Manorbeer Castle, one of the finest examples in the whole country of a fortified castellated residence. Indeed, strong as it is, it was built more for defence than offence, and contains more traces of a domestic character than any of the castles round. Here old Giraldus Cambrensis was born, the famous historian of Wales and the travelling companion of Archbishop Baldwin in his preaching tour. He has left a glowing description of the splendours of Manorbeer, its gardens, terraces, and fish-ponds, the remains of which are still visible, but Ichabod! their glory has departed. The church, too, is the most extraordinary edifice that can be imagined. All the Pembrokeshire churches, particularly in the southern portion of the county, are marked, architecturally speaking, by a peculiarly rude and massive style, which sought to combine the church with a defensive post, if needs were; for in those times the necessity for defence occurred again and again. But Manorbeer church, besides presenting this feature, is remarkable for the odd irregularity of its outline, as though the different parts had been plunged down in a heap, and tacked on to each other, any how.

It would take too long to enumerate all the different objects worth visiting near Tenby—Stackpole Court, with its splendid gardens—Saint Gowan's well, with its ruined chapel—the Stack Rock—Pembroke, with its glorious round tower—Lamphey Palace, where the Bishop of Saint David's lived like a country gentleman; and Llawhawden Castle, where he lived like a fighting baron, and from the roof of which the wicked Bishop Barlow stole the lead to enable him to marry off his five plain daughters. Verily, is not the history of all these written in the chronicles of the Tenby Guide?

G. P. BEVAN.



TAP-DRESSING.

A SINGULAR custom prevails in the old-fashioned town of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, which is called tap-dressing, or sometimes *well-dressing*. It would appear that, in former times, the inhabitants of this town and its neighbourhood suffered much from the insufficiency of their supply of water. When a constant supply was at last insured by laying down iron pipes, the ceremony of tap-dressing was instituted to commemorate the improvement. This Whitsuntide of the

year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty, was the hundred and fifth anniversary of the event.

After a beautiful drive of about two miles from Matlock, the stranger comes upon a quaint little town surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills with dark plumes of waving firs upon their crests, and sides clothed with softer foliage which mingles at last with the apple-blossoms of the gardens. Half way up the steep street, which gives entrance to the town, he will find the first tap. That is the first dressed tap—a tap in which the teetotaller and the art-student, who does not invariably eschew more stimulating beverage, are equally interested.

The tap is a tableau of Moses striking the rock. The figure of Moses and all the accessories of the scene are composed of clay, but covered entirely with flowers. The complexion of Moses was produced (a singular coincidence) by the petals of the Mount Tabor Peony. His vesture was of violets; but his hair and beard were the greatest success. Composed of dark moss, their effect might have excited jealousy in the breast of Madame Tussaud. To borrow the language of the playbills of our minor theatres, the illusion was completed by "real water."

When the rod of Moses rested on the rock, a sufficient stream trickled from early morn to dewy eve.



The designs of the other taps were not so ambitious. They both bore a certain resemblance to Grecian temples, with small fountains beneath their shade. These structures were composed of boards covered with clay, which was again overlaid with flowers. The petals only are used in this mosaic work, and the effect is very remarkable. Buttercups, blue-bells, pansies, the blossoms of the gorse, the sharp pointed leaves of the fir, mosses of various colours, geraniums, lilies of the valley, blossoms of the globe amaranthus, and the narcissus, were all impressed into the service.

With these a variety of patterns were formed, the pillars turned with parti-coloured scrolls, crowns and sceptres, lions and unicorns, even

texts of scripture were thrown out in the strongest relief by the contrast of the backgrounds.

The whole bore evidence of very good workmanship. In all the patterns the lines were carefully drawn, and the edges clearly defined. It may be doubted, whether any one who has not been a spectator could form a correct idea of the effects produced by the fragile materials which are used.

The first prize was adjudged to the representation of Moses, the difficulty of the undertaking probably having some weight in influencing the decision.

Of course it was a general holiday in the neighbourhood. The village mustered in great strength.

The gorgeous blue ribbons and stars upon their breasts looked, at a short distance, as magnificent as the order of the garter on the noble owner of Chatsworth.

As they promenaded the streets, two-and-two, with a very fair band playing before them, an eye accustomed to the step of our gallant volunteers, could not but regret that they did not march in time. However, they all seemed to enjoy themselves, even the two leaders who carried the large banner—evidently a work fraught with difficulty and danger—and as the spectacle was not professedly military, its most important end may be considered to have been attained. The young ladies from the neighbouring factories also came out in force, and fine, tall, rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed damsels a great many of them were. A southern spectator might have been surprised that a young lady whose dialect he would have had considerable difficulty in comprehending, should, nevertheless, wear a bonnet trimmed with *Rosa Magenta*, a new and extremely fashionable colour. The last statement is made on feminine authority.

The cause of water-drinking has lately received a considerable impulse from the erection of drinking-fountains in many of the principal towns. Might it not aid the good cause for which these have been built, if their foundation was commemorated by some ceremony as graceful and as harmless as the tap-dressing at Wirksworth.

H.



IS THE YELLOW JACK AT SHORN-CLIFFE?

THE newspapers have lately contained some statements regarding the appearance of a species of fever at Shorncliffe, which, if they were thoroughly reliable, would afford us a novel cause for alarm. Thus it has been stated that a disease had broken out there, and that this disease, although not strictly speaking genuine yellow fever, was so near akin to that tropical malady,

that the doctors were sorely puzzled to make a distinction. "The symptoms," it was said, "are so similar to those of the terrible yellow jack of Jamaica, that the doctors are sorely puzzled to call it anything else." This statement has been subsequently controverted in the "Times" by the Incumbent of Sandgate as having been based on reports in various particulars exaggerated. Now we are inclined to accept the Incumbent's view, and questioning the appearance of any disease which is new to these islands, we think it may be useful to state the symptoms of those fevers which alone are acclimatised here.

The three forms of fever which always prevail to a greater or less extent in this country, and which at times produce great domestic desolation, are severally named *typhus*, *typhoid*, and *relapsing*. The terms, we admit, are unsuitable and unfortunate; but as they are in common use, we shall here accept them, and seek to state their respective significations. Putting aside mild and imperfectly marked cases, so as to give sharpness and brevity to our descriptions, we offer the following as a simple and yet rigidly accurate account of the characters of these three fevers.

1. *Typhus Fever*, or, as it is also called, "filth fever," and "low nervous fever," has certain very distinctive characters. An ordinary uncomplicated case has generally the following symptoms and course: The attack is ushered in by shivering fits, prostration of strength, and pain in the back; the tongue becomes dry and hard; and there is headache, accompanied by more or less wandering of the mind, or a low muttering form of delirium. When there is no mismanagement, convalescence usually begins about the fourteenth, and is seldom delayed beyond the twenty-first day. *The diagnostic symptom of this fever is a mulberry rash, which appears most commonly between the fifth and eighth day, and fades away after a few days in favourable cases. The spots do not disappear when pressed by the finger. In this, and in other respects, it essentially differs from the fever which so nearly resembles it in name, typhoid fever. It very rarely twice affects the same individual. By protracted contact, and in crowded dwellings, it is contagious. In such places it likewise spontaneously rises among the inhabitants, probably, as Mr. Simon suggests, from "the putrefaction of their undispersed exhalations."*

2. *Typhoid or Gastric Fever*.—This is the fever which created so much anxiety in 1858, at Windsor. Then and there, as in other well-observed outbreaks of it, the engendering morbid influence was proved to arise from emanations consequent upon defective ventilation in the drains, and from the gases which belong to such nuisances as pigsties, dungheaps, and foul gulleys. There is no class which suffers so much from typhoid fever as domestic servants, a circumstance which may be explained by the fact of their living and sleeping apartments being so often in the basement of houses, proximity to the sink holes and crevices, whence emanate the sewer gases. They must, therefore, oftener breathe the poisonous gases in a less diluted form than other members of the same household. Cowkeepers and others ex-

posed to concentrated exhalations from excrementitious matter are peculiarly liable to typhoid fever.

The haunts of cholera and typhoid fever are identical. In other respects, which we cannot now enlarge upon, the two pestilences are closely related to each other. In the meantime, the point to be remembered is, that when we dislodge one we dislodge both.

Passing over minor characteristics, we may at once mention that the diagnostic symptom of typhoid fever is an elevated rose-coloured rash, occurring about the seventh day in patches of papules, which lose their colour when pressed. In fatal cases, certain glands of the intestinal surface are found, on examination after death, to be in an ulcerated state. Neither the elevated rosy rash disappearing on pressure nor the ulcerated intestine are ever met with in cases of typhus. The importance of these medical facts as guides to the employment of the proper measures of preventive sanitary police must have already suggested themselves to the reader. A single case of typhoid fever ought always to be at once attended to, as a call to test with care the state of sewers and stink-traps, and to remove all reeking cess-pools and such like nuisances from the vicinity of dwellings.

3. *Relapsing Fever* has sometimes manifested great severity as an epidemic. During a portion of the duration of the celebrated epidemic of 1843 (as appears from Dr. Cormack's description) it was a very severe fever in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and other towns. Speaking generally, however, relapsing fever is much less serious than either typhus or typhoid, provided the patients are adequately clothed and fed during the whole period of convalescence. When there is neglect in these particulars, many perish from dropsy and other secondary affections, after passing well through the fever.

Relapsing fever possesses great social importance, from its relation to, or we may say its actual dependence upon destitution. It is the "famine fever," just as typhus is the "filth fever" and typhoid the "sewage fever." At the commencement of an epidemic all, and during its continuance nearly all, its victims, are among the destitute and imperfectly nourished. Like typhus, and unlike typhoid fever, it is contagious under certain conditions. It does not spread readily by slight and casual contact with the infected, but is freely communicated when the contact with or contiguity to the sick is prolonged and takes place in confined rooms. Relapsing fever sets in abruptly and violently. The pyrexial condition continues for a few days; it then ceases for a day or several days; and afterwards returns once or oftener. Hence the name of "relapsing fever," by which it is now generally designated.

The practical conclusions to be drawn from the above statements are apparent. Use all possible means to prevent people crowding together in filthy ill-aired houses, and so prevent typhus; give protection from sewage gases, and so prevent typhoid fever; and lastly, in times of scarcity and destitution, give timely succour, and so prevent the poor from falling under the relapsing fever.

The thorough application of these preventives requires a better system of sanitary police than we possess, and a higher grade of officers to carry out the administrative details. The supervision of dwellings must be made stringent and general, in respect of number of occupants, ventilation, cleanliness, and sewage gases. In respect of all of these conditions, authoritative and intelligent supervision is required, but particularly in respect of house and town drainage. Sewers may be good; but if they are ventilated into the houses, in place of external to them, they become the most pestiferous agencies which can be imagined. Moreover, all drains are liable to go wrong, and all of them, therefore, require frequent inspection by experienced persons. Unfortunately, the inspectors of nuisances appointed by the rate-payers are very often not competent. They are generally tradesmen who have failed or are failing in business, who by favour of some parochial coterie manage to be placed in office. The Privy Council, by the Public Health Act of 1858, have power to issue regulations for securing the due qualification of public vaccinators. Why should they not have a similar control over the appointment of officers of health and inspectors of nuisances?

SALUS POPULI.



JOTTINGS IN JERSEY.

CHARACTERISTICS.

VOLTAIRE's vivid description of Holland was summed up in three words, "Canaux, canards, canaille."

The same alliteration might be used to form an accidental definition of Jersey—cows, cabbages, cider, and crapauds. The cows are those usually known by the name of Alderneys; but the smaller isle steals its bucolic honour from the larger. There are no other cows in Jersey alive; for the laws of the island forbid the importation of foreign breeds. All extraneous cows seen painfully landed from the butchers' cutters from France, or painfully dragging their stiffened limbs along the road, are under sentence of death. France supplies Jersey with meat, not of a first-rate description, from which cause Jersey labours under a twofold disadvantage—that of having French meat and English cookery; and, under the circumstances, it is a wonder that the thing called digestion exists at all in the island: for in England, where there is no cookery, the meat is so good that it does not require it; in France, where there is no meat, properly so called, the cookery is so good as to create it: in Jersey there is neither meat nor cookery.

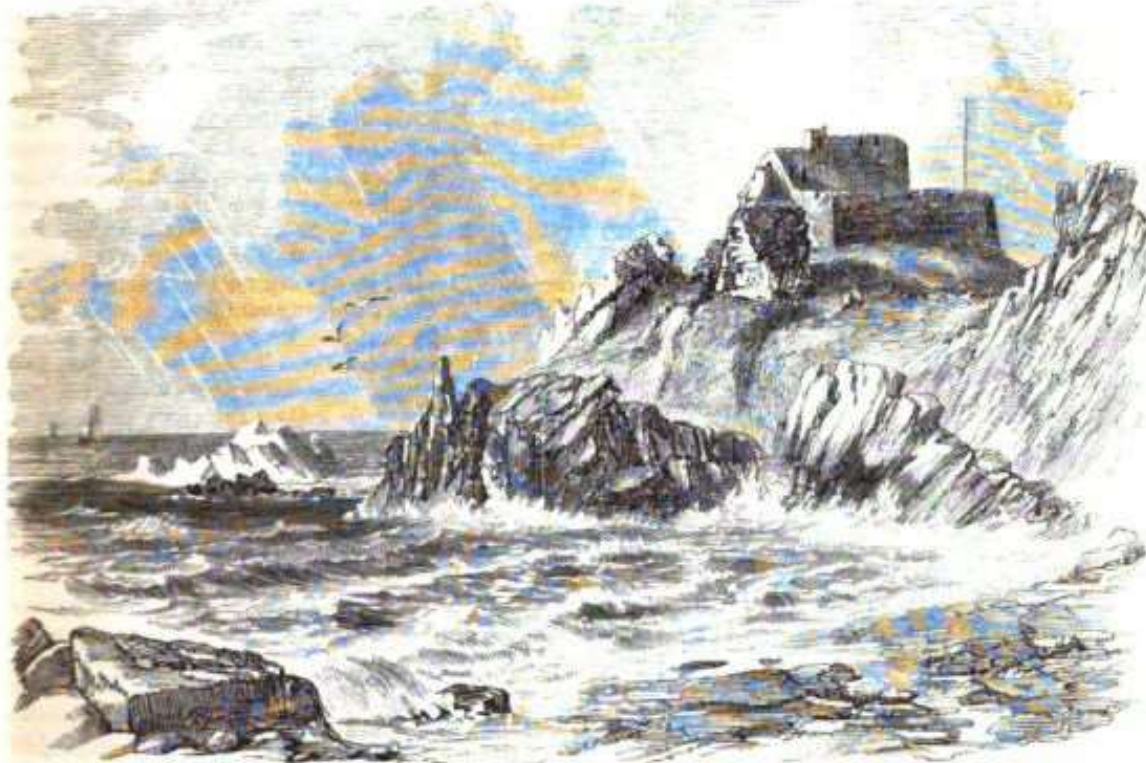
The cows are amiable creatures, and, as all the world knows, very pretty. They come up to be petted, instead of moving away like most cattle in England; but they make a virtue of necessity, since they are all fed chained or tethered, as in fact are all the animals in Jersey, the goats, and even the sheep, where sheep are found. There is one Jersey bull, in a field under Fort Regent, but he appears to be under sentence of excommunication.

The Jersey cabbages do not grow close to the ground like most cabbages, but from a kind of cabbage-tree, with a stalk six or seven feet long in some instances, from which very bad walking-sticks are made.

The cider is excellent, but very difficult to obtain from the inhabitants, for love or money, in any small quantity. During a residence of some

months in Gorey we were unable to obtain any by the usual means. On one occasion our question as to the possibility of obtaining a gallon of cider being answered by a string of questions as to our own business: on another, a vendor of cider declaring that he had cider to sell, but that his house was very difficult to find in the labyrinth of lanes. We believed him, and gave up our search in despair.

The crapauds are perhaps the most characteristic of all the island productions. The word is generally supposed to be the French for toad; but the Jersey crapaud is a distinct animal. Those who know old pictures, will remember certain imaginary creatures in the temptations of St. Anthony, and certain batrachian demons found only where no one would wish to go after death—such are the Jersey crapauds. We recol-



Mont Orgueil.

lect mistaking one in the moonlight for a small dog lying in the road; to our surprise, instead of jumping up it waddled off. In the sister island of Guernsey they are said not to exist at all; hence the sobriquet of crapauds, as good-naturedly applied by the people of one island to that of the other.

THE SHAPE OF THE ISLAND, as seen in the map, is that of some amphibious animal squatting on its hind-quarters, with the fore-feet, as the heralds would say, *couped*. A walrus would perhaps best represent it. Thus, Cape Grosnez would form the head, Noirmont Point and that next it the *couped* fore-legs, and La Rocq the *os coxigis*, or place where the tail ought to be. Geologically viewed, the island dips from north to south. On the northern side the

rocks rise to the height of about three hundred feet; on the south they lose themselves in marsh-land and alluvium. It would appear as if the island at one time lay flat on the sea, with its inland springs bubbling up, and forming quagmires on its surface; then that some submarine force raised the northern part, and caused the springs to run southward, scooping themselves channels in their course, which form a most extraordinary ramification of valleys. There are few exceptions to this rule, amongst them are the lovely glens of Grève de Lecq and Les Mouriers, which are watered by streams of about two miles in length; in the latter case a waterfall, very respectable for so small an island, being formed over the rocky escarpment.

Learned anatomists, or lovers of hot suppers,

might compare Jersey to a split kidney, the congeries of vessels running out into the bay of St. Aubin's. The rocks consist of syenite, with its various modifications, great dykes of quartz and other primary rocks occurring at intervals.

THE NATURAL BEAUTIES

are very considerable. Perhaps the finest view in Jersey is that from near the Manor House at St. Aubin, looking towards the town and Fort Regent. The bay of St. Aubin's only wants Vesuvius to be the bay of Naples in miniature. The prominent feature is formed by the fantastic rocks of the island (or peninsula at low water) on which Elizabeth Castle stands. Seen with a sunset effect, and at the moment of the explosion of the evening gun, it forms one of the most lovely pictures imaginable.

The second in rank may be that seen on mounting the ridge of hill which divides the bay of St. Clement's from that of Grouville, where the road winds like an Alpine pass over the crest by the arsenal at Grouville, and as it were suddenly introduces the passenger to a new world, with Gorey Common below, the beautiful castle of Mont Orgueil forming beyond it the extremity of a long shore-like hill, which in Germany would be planted with vines; and beyond, all the dim coast of Normandy, distant some fifteen miles. If the Gorey oyster-fleet, of a hundred or so vessels at a time, are in the offing in full sail, the view is very much enhanced.

The walk round the island will be found most interesting. The beauty of the coast begins with Mont Orgueil Castle—a grand mediæval fortress in beautiful preservation—

A tower of victory, from which the flight
Of baffled hosts was watch'd along the plain.

Here Prynne was confined, and wrote some bad verses on the wall, and Charles II. took refuge in the troubles of the Commonwealth; Jersey being royal, while Guernsey was parliamentary. The house where the Merry Monarch lived at Gorey is just below the grounds of Lady Turner, and was lately tenanted by the estimable clergyman of Gorey. The king gave its tenants the characteristic privilege of keeping a public-house without a licence for ever. Of this privilege our reverend friend did not avail himself. Mont Orgueil looks weirdly grand on the other side, where the shore becomes rocky, and breaks into bays with sands which afford excellent bathing. There is a rugged path of extreme beauty along the cliffs to St. Catherine's Pier—a very long jetty of stone running out into the sea, favoured in August, 1859, by a visit from her most gracious Majesty, and intended originally to form part of an immense harbour of refuge. As it is, it would wonderfully facilitate the landing of 10,000 Frenchmen, being "convenient," as the Irish say, to Grouville, Cherbourg, and St. Malo.

From St. Catherine's way may be made to Rozel Bay, where are the grounds of the late Mr. Curtis, a gentleman who, like the old man of Tarentum in Virgil's "Georgics," bought a bit of rock and transformed it into an ornamental garden. Australian gum-trees, and nearly all the products of the southern hemisphere, flourish there under the mild

influences of the climate; and one would almost expect to see the southern cross in the sky. Near Bouley Bay, from which a fine view of the opposite coast of France is obtained, the coast becomes barren and almost mountainous, resembling some parts of north Devon. It culminates in the heights of Mont Madoc, where are some most picturesque old granite quarries, and in the heathery promontories which encircle Bonne Nuit Bay.

As the route is pursued, the rocks become steeper and more fantastic, and the shore less and less constantly accessible. Passing the waterfall at Les Mourières we come to the Creux du Vis—a hole in the cliff where the superincumbent earth has collapsed into a cave, driven into it horizontally from the sea. It is fine, if the difficult descent can be managed, to see the great pent-up waves bursting into the abyss. Farther on is Crabbe, a wonderfully grim chasm, some 300 feet down, but accessible by a winding path. Below it are great pyramids and arches of rock—a feature constantly occurring on this coast, where the force of water produces most extraordinary forms. The effect is aided by the colour of the rocks, which is generally dark red, and in some places nearly black, here and there hoary with the light-green moss of ages, giving the appearance of gigantic ruins of enormous antiquity, and variegated with party-coloured lichens, the yellow the most remarkable, only to be represented in painting by the brightest cadmium.

Near Grève de Lecq, where is an hotel which continually advertises itself as the "Star and Garter of Jersey," is another stupendous hollow, with vaulted caverns among its rocky cathedrals, which are better not visited unless the visitor can be sure that the tide is retiring. But the most remarkable caves and pyramids seem to be on the side of Plemont Point, on the bay called the Grève au Lançon, so called from the sand-eels caught there.

Beyond them is Grosnez Castle, or rather what is left of it, a single arch of a gateway, standing on the neck of a promontory, with precipitous cliffs behind. This is the north-western extremity of the island. It balanced Mont Orgueil in the olden time, and was held by the Lords of St. Owen for the English crown, when the half of the island from Mont Orgueil to the middle was in possession of the French. Its defenders, if hard pressed, could have no alternative between starvation and jumping into the sea, if they did not choose to surrender. Its only access or egress was apparently by the gateway which remains. Following the course of the high cliffs, one more pyramid is seen, grandest of all, the Pinnacle Rock, connected with the shore by a narrow neck of land, and forming a fine object from the distant Corbières. There is a break in the series of high rocks at L'Etac, formed by the long sweep of St. Owen's bay, depreciated by the guide-books as monotonous, but presenting to the painter's eye, by its great comparative size, the finest aerial effects to be seen in the island. At the other turn of St. Owen's bay are the Corbières rocks, pyramidal again, and insulated at high tide—a place whence to see a storm to perfection;

with reasonable caution not to be washed off by an unusually high wave, an accident which has happened. It was near there that the unfortunate Express mail-steamer was lost on a fine morning,

the 20th of September, 1859. It was this ill-omened vessel which carried over Louis Philippe to Newhaven, in 1848, in a gale of wind. Beyond there is the beautiful seclusion of St. Brelade's



Rocks at Grève au Lançon.

bay, with the oldest church of the island in one corner of it, and beyond the next point and Noirmont, the still more beautiful, and still more secluded, Portelet bay. At Noirmont point, the coast beauty ceases, and the view of St. Aubin's bay closes the exhibition. On its further horn appears, looking well in the distance, the town of

ST. HELIER'S.

"HULL, hell, and Halifax," have been for a long time quoted as the three most disagreeable places in the world, or out of it. We have come to the conclusion that the second of these words is a corruption of St. Heliers. It seems inconceivable that the odour of sanctity should ever have embalmed this most corrupt of towns. St. Helier was a hermit inhabiting a cell, difficult of access, on a rock behind Elizabeth Castle. Elizabeth Castle is connected with the mainland by a natural bridge, flooded at half-tide—a trap in which sometimes a tipsy soldier has been caught. Our Government really ought not to post soldiers in Jersey, as spirits are ruinously cheap, and the temptation too great. Jersey would be best defended by gun-boats, and by dismantling its fortresses, which are all commanded by heights. An enemy in command of the sea, would of course compel its garrison to surrender at discretion. The militia are sufficient to guard it against a filibustering attack, like that of the Baron Rullecour, which was so gallantly frustrated, though at the sacrifice of his young life, by Major Pierson, not long before the outbreak of the French Revolution.

The town is chiefly inhabited by the Anglo-

Saxons; the original Norman population keeping pretty much to the country. The immense prevalence of drunkenness proves that the national habit of England will scarcely be corrected by an infusion of cheap French wine, since French wine is as cheap in Jersey as in France. A walk in the streets of St. Helier's would induce a passer-by to invoke a Maine liquor law in utter exasperation. The police appear to be few and far between, and in fact afraid to show themselves. The town appears to be in the hands of a sort of *gaminocracy*, or democracy of *gamins*, who commit with impunity all sorts of depredations on persons and property, and fill the streets night and day with yellings, whistlings, and all sorts of discordant noises. A Royal Commission—which will cost John Bull something, but Jean Jersey Bull nothing—has been lately sitting to consider the abuses of

JERSEY JUSTICE.

The criminal law of the island appears to be most strangely administered. Last summer, 1859, a girl found guilty of infanticide was bailed out for 10*l*. A year or two before, a man who shot his sister, and was tried for manslaughter, got off *scot-free among the cheers of his party*. More lately, two drunkards quarrelled in a gig, and one tried to seize the gun of the other, the other in the scramble shot him and wounded him; the wounded man got well, but the aggressor was sentenced to seven years' transportation, and *his property was confiscated to the lord of the manor*, thus punishing his innocent family by a barbarous feudal law.

Some time ago, a poor little French boy was killed by a blow by a Jersey butcher-boy, whom

the Jersey jury entirely acquitted. No French or English resident is said to have much chance with an islander in the civil courts, and on one occasion lately, when by some accident or mistake justice was done, the Jerseyman was heard to exclaim as he went out: "What a shame it is, that *foreigners* should be allowed to beat us in our own courts!"

By its situation the town of St. Helier's, most overgrown in population for the size of the island, is the receptacle for all the impurities, moral and physical, of this pretty little island, and for much of those of the external world. It is cooped up in a close, unhealthy hollow, and the wonder is how the cholera could ever have passed over it without destroying half the inhabitants. By some strange perversity, the best parts are built away from the sea, so that the fashionables are shut out from the view of Elizabeth Castle and the harbour, which is really pretty. There is no promenade near the sea, the only place answering that description being the College Gardens, where the military band plays. The strand, and pier, and outskirts of the harbour are given up to seafaring business, and being also the haunt of the scum of England and France, are not desirable as a social lounge. The New Parade Ground is prevented from being a public promenade by being entirely in the hands of the *gaminocracy*, one or more of whose body, some time last summer, had the assurance to steal a sheep which was put there to graze, flay it on the spot, and carry off the mutton, under the very nose of the police-office. There is a theatre at St. Helier's, at the wrong end of the town, the performances of which are nightly disturbed by drunken sailors, it being no one's business to keep order.

In short, our impressions of Jersey have tended

much to corroborate in our minds the poet's dictum, that

God made the country, and man made the town;

for while the town is a huge seething kettle of corruption, the country is a labyrinth of loveliness. It is a labyrinth of lanes all arched by trees and fringed by lush herbage, and with certain lights presenting little fantastic avenues of fairy beauty. It is a labyrinth of vallies running into one another, and losing their branches in the hills, each with its own little rivulet, opening into interminable glimpses of sea and land, while in the first spring-time the ground is beautified with snowdrops, primroses, violets, and especially jonquils and daffodils. But each part of Jersey with all its variety, has a certain likeness. Everywhere are seen the same quaint old farmhouses of granite, half sunk in the earth, solidly built, with moss overgrown roofs and round arched doorways; everywhere the same, orchards and perpendicular banks covered with fern and all its congeners; everywhere in summer, the huge geraniums attaining the growth of trees, the semi-tropical oleanders, and acacias, and magnolias, and camellias, growing in the open air all the year round; everywhere the same round picturesque wells covered with botany, looking as if built to be bomb-proof; the same pretty little fields and beautiful eyed and silken coated cattle tethered in them, and everywhere round the coast the same stacks of *vraic* or seaweed, used to fertilise the fields, the same Martello-towers, picturesque from the colours of the stone, the same fields of reefs inhabited by curious anemones and starfish, and girdling all the same gemmy sea, far more enjoyable here from the facility of bathing in it at almost any season, than the salt element as familiarly known to the frequenters of the coast of Great Britain.

G. C. SWAYNE.



Wreck of "Express" Steamer on the Corbières Rocks.

OUR SECOND LINE OF DEFENCES.

NO. I.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.

So sang Thomas Campbell, just at the close of the last century, when men's minds were full of the achievements of Howe, and Jervis, and Duncan, and Nelson, and so singing he merely embodied the national sentiment and expounded the national faith. Nor has the sentiment been altered or the faith been shaken from his days down to ours. The descendants of the old Sea Kings show still—as ever—the quality of the blood which runs in their veins, as clearly and unmistakeably as their nearest continental neighbours exhibit in their strange admixture of fierceness and levity their mixed derivation from the Frank and the Gaul.

And in one sense it is as true now as it was then, that England's true defence is her fleet. In 1805 the presence of our fleet in the Channel effectually prevented the execution of that vast project of invasion for which Napoleon I. only asked for eight-and-forty hours of clear Channel; nor in the teeth of such a Channel fleet as we could now muster is it likely that any other Napoleon would be disposed to attempt a similar manœuvre. But in some other respects the times are changed.

In the first place, steam has revolutionised naval warfare altogether. Things which were not possible for sailing ships are every-day affairs with steam vessels. There can be no more blockades. Concentration on a given point at a given time may now be made almost matter of certainty. Any accidental circumstance which might draw off or disperse, for however short a time, a Channel fleet, would readily be seized upon by even a moderately skilful adversary as an opportunity for throwing a force on our shores, and, when once there, the "roaring guns" would be powerless to "teach them" any sort of useful lesson.

The enormous improvement in our artillery since the days of the old 32's and the 24-pounder carronades, and the "long 18's," furnishes another serious element in the calculation: in short, it is not that our Channel fleet has ceased to be the national defence of our shores, but that it has become the *first* line only of those defences, and that it has become necessary to throw up a *second* line inside.

Of natural fortifications, in the shape of cliffs and rocks, we have plenty; and it might occur to a few innocent folks that the simplest process might be to fill up all interstices between these with a good substantial wall like that of China. The practicability of such a scheme may be deduced from the single fact, that in the 750 miles of coast between the Humber and Penzance, there is an aggregate of no less than 300 on which a landing can be effected by an enemy. In short, to fortify the whole coast round is of course out of the question, and it has been wisely enough, therefore, determined to confine the present operations to the effectual protection of vital points.

The first of these are obviously our dockyards and arsenals. They supply the sinews of our first line of defence, for the efficiency of which it is essential that it should be supported by a line of places where damaged ships can be repaired, and new ones fitted out. Moreover, no one can doubt that any invading enemy possessed of the average amount of brains would make first for our dockyards, in order by their destruction to cripple our first line of defence, as well as endeavour to impair our naval prestige. That these are already provided with certain defences, which have grown up around them in the course of years, is as true as that the same sort of improvements which have rendered a second efficient line of defence essential, have at the same time impaired the efficiency of the existing materials for that line. Many of the old works have been condemned as "obsolete," and "in a state of decay." We have heard of a fort not a hundred miles from the mouth of the Thames, from the guns of which it has long been dangerous to fire even a salute. Add the fact that competent authority has decided that practicable range for bombardment cannot now be estimated at less than 8000 yards* (more than four and a half miles), and here are sufficient reasons at once for a general rearrangement of our second line. We will add two other vital points.

The dockyard, arsenal, manufactories, and dépôt at Woolwich, the sole depositary throughout the country for some of our most important *matériel*, stand in some respects in an attitude of marked isolation from all other similar establishments, and present features which we have no need here to discuss, except to remark that they are utterly undefended by any system of fortification whatever.

The metropolis naturally claims some attention, too, of a peculiar nature. A successful rush upon it, with the enormous consequent commercial loss, has been shown to be one of the greatest national disasters that could by possibility occur.

The readiest highway to Woolwich, Deptford, and London, is of course the Thames, whilst a road to Chatham, our greatest naval establishment in the eastern part of the country, is furnished by the Medway.



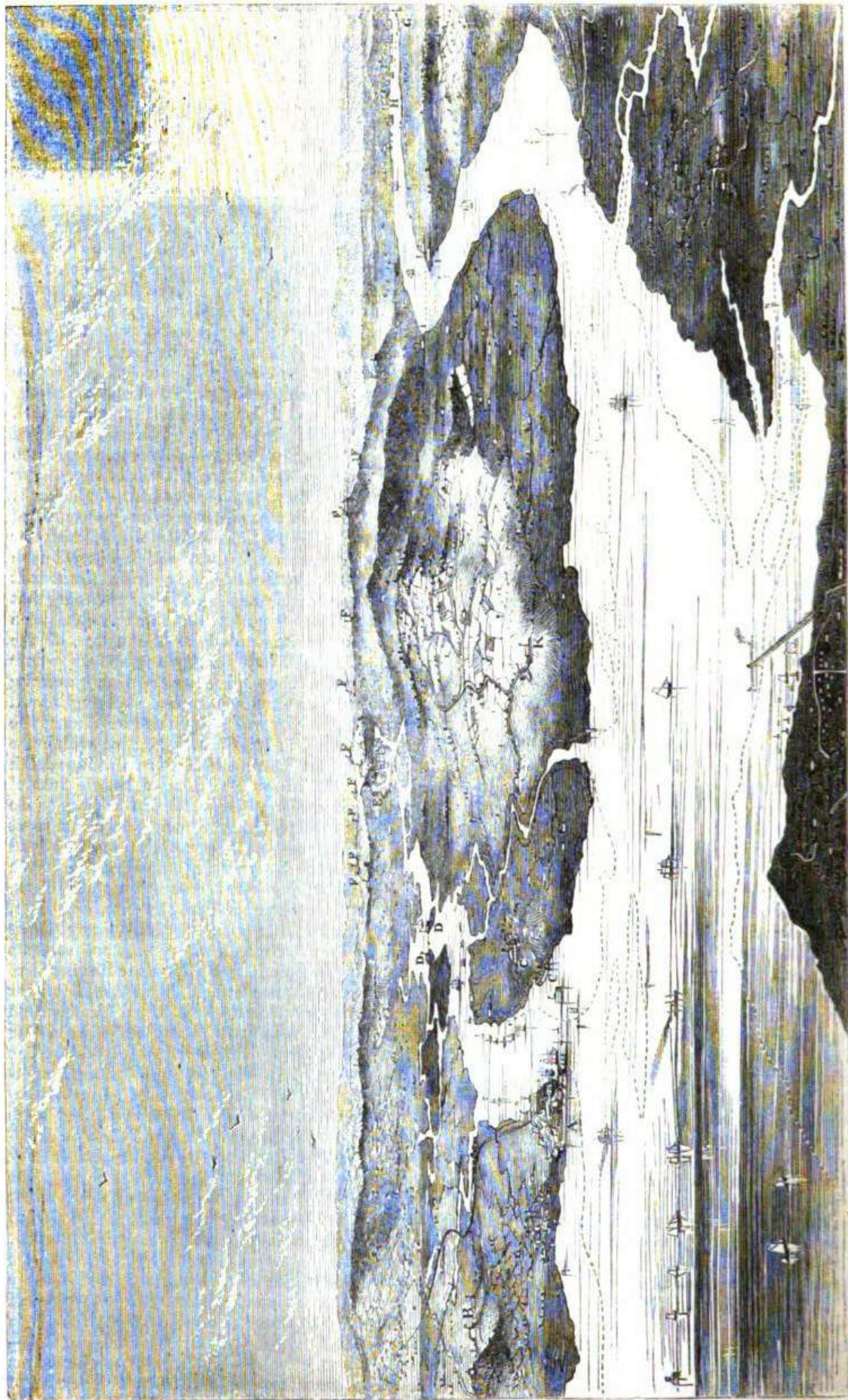
* As these lines are passing through the press, there comes news of experiments made with the Lynall Thomas gun, which is reported to have pitched a 170lb. shot 10,000 yards (nearly five miles and two-thirds).

How these two great highways are protected against the inroad of an invading force at the present moment; how it is proposed to strengthen and complete the existing defences, we propose now to lay before our readers.

We should premise that the works now in progress have been undertaken in pursuance of the recommendations of a report presented to the last session of Parliament by the Commissioners appointed to consider the defences of the kingdom. In order to form an idea of the state of protection afforded to the Thames and Medway by their present defences, and of the nature of resistance which could be offered by them to an invading force, we must place ourselves on board some ship forming part of the attacking squadron. We must suppose our squadron to have succeeded in threading the intricate maze of shoals lying eastward of the Nore, in spite of the removal of buoys (which would, of course, be one of the first steps taken by the Trinity House in case of a war), and to have with equal success run the gauntlet of a fleet of floating batteries, of small draught of water, navigating among those dangerous shoals under the guidance of officers well acquainted with their intricacies, and to have entered on the scene of our illustration abreast of the Nore Light. Let us pause a moment to consider our position. In front of us lie the two estuaries—of the Thames and Medway—divided from each other by a peninsula, the neck of which is about five miles in width, and which measures about twelve miles in length, being, moreover, extended towards us for all purposes of navigation at least a mile and a half further by the accumulation of sand and mud, which is always found at the confluence of rivers. On our right lies the Essex coast, the nearest point being Shoeburyness, famous for its artillery practice-ground along the sands, as well as for a substantial work which may be used either for practice or defence. On our left is the western half of the Isle of Sheppey, separated from the mainland by the Swale, with Minster heights (B), (so called from the remains of the noble old Minster which crown them), next a dead level of a mile or so in width, and then the town, fortifications, and dockyard of Sheerness (A), which stands at the extreme north-western point of the island.

The actual distance from shore to shore, measured from Garrison Point—the north-west corner of Sheerness—across to Shoeburyness, is five miles and a quarter. But here again, for all purposes of navigation, the Channel is wonderfully narrowed. With that into the Medway we shall deal presently. As for the entrance into the Thames, a number of shoals and sands, extending a mile from shore on the north, and as far as the Nore Sand on the south, reduce it to an extreme width of a mile and three quarters. The vessels shown in the illustration are taking the ordinary course for the Thames, which brings them within about three miles of the seaward batteries of Sheerness, and consequently rather more than two miles from any works at Shoeburyness. Now, it is true, that what our sailors of Nelson's days used to speak of with supreme contempt as "playing at long balls," has in our days been brought to a wonderful pitch of perfection—8000 yards, as we have already noticed,

having been fixed for outside bombarding distance—and there can be no doubt that if the batteries at Sheerness and works on the opposite shore were all heavily armed with rifled-cannon, capable of pitching their projectiles to such a distance, an advancing fleet would be seriously harassed by their fire. As, however, the Commissioners do not appear to have thought this worth taking into calculation, but rather to have relied on the operations of the floating batteries at this point, we will continue our course up the river. Leaving one division of our squadron, to whose evolutions we shall presently return, to force their way into the Medway as they may, we proceed to enter the first grand sweep or bend of the River Thames, known as Sea Reach, passing in succession on our right Southend, with its mile and a quarter of pier, Canvey Island, famous for wild-fowl sport, and the terminus of the Thames Haven Railway, where Cockneys embark for Margate; and on the left the Isle of Grain, and a long marsh district, crowned by the high land white cliff and the beautiful old dilapidated church of Cliffe—or, as some will have it, Cloveshoe—of ancient ecclesiastical fame. So far we have been allowed to proceed quietly enough, uninterrupted by any of those massive towers of granite, with foundations under water, and tier upon tier of casemated guns, which barred even the eccentric Admiral Napier from Cronstadt and St. Petersburg; and merely remembering that something of the sort, but done in iron, had been very largely recommended to the notice of the citizens of London by sundry marvellous prints hanging in the shop windows, and representing what looked like an enormous bell standing mouth downwards in the water somewhere about the Nore, and punched full of holes, out of which the muzzles of guns innumerable were dealing death and destruction all round among a hostile fleet of alarming dimensions. However, it is time to be serious, for we have now rounded into the next Reach of the river—the Lower Hope—and a round shot from that battery at the bottom of the Reach on the right has just struck the water ahead of us, sending up a column of spray twenty feet high, and is now ricocheting away past us finely. This is the Coalhouse Point Battery (I), and mounts seventeen guns; and, as we open the Reach more, a second on the opposite shore, about a mile further on, opens on us besides. This is the Shornemead Battery (I), and mounts thirteen guns, both raking us completely as we come up the Reach. The Commissioners, however, we find, though commending the admirable position of these works, do not consider them strong enough, and have recommended the strengthening of that on Coalhouse Point by the addition of a powerful battery in extension of the existing one, bringing the principal part of its fire to bear down the river and across the Channel, but having some guns also bearing up the river in the direction of Gravesend. The opposite battery is also to be subject to the same species of improvement, and considerably enlarged in connection with a line of works, of which more hereafter; whilst a third fort (I) is recommended nearly opposite Coalhouse Point—that is, about a mile and a quarter nearer to us than Shornemead Battery—and under the care of



A. Sheerness B. Minster Heights; C. Isle of Grain works; D. Oakham Ness works; E. Chatham Lines; F. F. New Chain of Forts; G. Tilbury Fort H. Gravesend Fort;
I. I. Coalhouse Point and Shornemead works; K. Slough.

this formidable trilateral, which will, when completed, mount in all, as we gather, as many as 150 heavy guns, is to be placed one of those formidable booms, of the difficulty of dealing with which we have had some experience.

We will, however, suppose the prowess of our squadron to have burst this last obstacle, run the gauntlet of, or silenced the three sets of forts, and rounded the point. We are now in the third or Gravesend Reach, and are hardly clear of Shorne-mead Battery when we are opened on simultaneously by old Tilbury Fort, of famous memory (G), as well as by a fort nearly opposite at Gravesend (H), and the existence of which, (though tolerably well known to the yachtsmen who frequent Wates's Hotel—it has another name now, we believe, but we love to stick to the old one), is hardly suspected by most of the thousands who every summer pay their regulation visit to the Paradise of Cockneys. Tilbury affords a fire of thirty-two heavy guns down and across the river, and the opposite fort of fifteen guns; and these are now to be so arranged for crossing fire with those guns of the two batteries we have last past, and which were spoken of as bearing up the river, that in passing up Gravesend Reach we have to run the gauntlet of a double cross fire, in shape like the letter X, as may be seen on reference to the illustration, placing our advancing squadron in almost as uncomfortable a situation as wicked Bishop Hatto's, when the rats poured in on him

From the right and the left, from behind and before.

To complete all, a second boom is to extend—in war time only, of course, like the first, and then fitted with a moveable opening for the passage of friendly vessels—across the river from fort to fort, immediately under the guns of both.

So much for the defences of the Thames properly so called. With the defences, or rather no defences, of Woolwich, we have nothing to do in this paper; moreover, we have got to the limit of our engraving, and that settles the matter.

We now return to the division of our fleet, which we left approaching the entrance of the Medway.

It will of course be observed, both from our illustration and from any map, that Sheerness stands sentry over the entrance of this river. Not only do the shores contract as they approach the mouth, but the shoals before alluded to still further narrow the practicable channel to 730 yards at low water, whilst their position on the left or western bank of the river combines with that of others, further out to sea, in setting the navigable channel well over to the Sheppey; and we are thus driven to the unpleasant conclusion that, in endeavouring to carry our point, we shall be obliged first of all to steer past and nearly parallel with the whole seaward face of the defences at a distance of less than 600 yards, and then round Garrison Point, even nearer than that. However, it is clear we must manage to capture, destroy, or pass the sentry before we can hope to do anything towards attaining our end. There are other works, too, on the opposite shore, of which more anon.

would be a great point gained in the way of a heavy blow and great discouragement to the garrison, but would inflict a serious loss on the nation generally, as it seems to us; and it must be a great encouragement therefore to our, or any, invading force to find that the floating batteries once passed, there is no protection for Sheerness from bombardment. We are told it could not be protected by permanent fortifications, except at an expense in the shape of deep sea forts, after the fashion of Cronstadt, which it is impossible to recommend; but it is very frankly added that the dockyard and arsenal are not worth protection. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* How happy the Sheerness folks must feel in their exposed and remarkably attractive position!



Garrison Point.

Well, it appears we can bombard the place when we like. We will therefore postpone the consideration of that business, and turn our attention to the fortifications. They look formidable enough. The north line shows something like half a mile of very serious looking batteries, terminating at Garrison Point in a still more ugly bastion mounting a double tier of guns. This, we are informed, is to be still further strengthened by a powerful casemated battery; whilst another, about half a mile further up the river, just where the land defences come down to the river bank, is to co-operate in commanding the anchorage. To complete the tour of the fortifications, we find the whole landward side enclosed by the usual arrangement of angular Chinese-puzzle-looking walls and ditches known among the initiated as "bastions" and "curtains," through which you pass out into the country, whenever you want an excursion, by means of gates and roads placed sideways and edgeways, and any way but straight, and by ricketty wooden bridges with chains, over which it is hardly necessary to be requested "not to drive fast."

On the opposite side of the river, standing in

mud and in water alternately, according to the tide, is an isolated round tower, looking much as though it had strayed from the fortifications, lost its way, and got stuck in the mud; the three heavy guns mounted on its summit bear both down our channel of approach and on the anchorage which is just round Garrison Point. This tower, however, being no more considered sufficient for its duty than its bulkier neighbour over the way, is to be enclosed by another of these casemated batteries, supported by a second on shore close behind it, and whose guns will rake the channel of approach, the whole being again supported by a fort, perched on the only hill in a low straggling bit of ground forming the left or western shore of the mouth of the Medway, and known as the Isle of Grain, and which, in co-operation with another new fort placed on the first rising ground in the peninsula, and which will be by-and-by noticed more fully, is to warn off all intruders on this—to an enemy—most attractive isle.

Such, then, are the formidable materials of the apparatus intended to hinder our approach to the entrance of the Medway. Before, therefore, addressing ourselves to the attempt on so hazardous a pass, let us see if we cannot manage some assistance or diversion landward. It would be possible, it is true, to throw a force—if the floating batteries would allow us—on the shore eastward of the Sheerness batteries, just where the ground begins to rise, and just where the shore of Sheppey vanishes out of our engraving; but there is but little water except for a short period at high tide; and the landing of artillery, without which the attack would be useless, would be attended with much risk and difficulty: it would be better to pass round the east coast of the island, and use the Swale as a canal for bringing up at any rate the guns and other stores. From the two ferries there are good roads, one of which is shown in our illustration, and both uniting, pass round under the Minster heights, and find their way across the flat country to Sheerness. Here, however, both the Commissioners and Nature combine to baffle an advance; for the former recommend the erection of a strong fort and two auxiliary towers on the heights which command the road, whilst the level of the flat land in question is such, that on opening a sluice in command of the Sheerness garrison, the whole of the country, from the Medway to the Thames, can be inundated, and Sheerness isolated in a sheet of water.

Supposing, then, our advancing squadron to determine at all hazards to try and force the passage, it would be raked in front as it steered down the channel of approach by the guns of the tower in the mud and its surrounding covered battery, as well as by those of the battery on the shore of the Isle of Grain, the whole seaward face of the north line pouring in a tremendous flanking fire all the while. Supposing it to pass through this *feu d'enfer*, as it rounded the point, gun after gun of each tier of the bastioned work, as well as of the new fortification, would be brought to bear; and as the squadron reached the anchorage, the new battery at the angle of the landward fortifications, and the fort on the Isle of Grain, would

add their quota and place it in the centre of five distinct points of fierce assault.

It is just possible, however, that so tremendous a pounding as this might be endured, and that the expedition might continue its course up the river. In the first, or Saltpan Reach, it would have a little breathing time; but as it turned into the second, known by the quaint name of Ket Hole Reach, it would be saluted with some unmistakable symptoms of a further and most formidable opposition. The channel here narrows to little more than half a mile: the point of the isolated land projecting on the right in our illustration is called Oakham Ness (D). On this point and on the opposite shore two strong forts are to be erected, whose guns shall fire at once down and across the river, concentrating a heavy fire on the advancing squadron; and as soon as these two works shall have been connected by a boom, the Commissioners think that Chatham will be well protected from attack by the Medway.

Still, as in the case of Sheerness, there remains to be seen what opportunity an invading force has of combining a land attack with that by the river; in other words how Chatham, the *bûc* of the Medway expedition, is protected landward. It seems admitted that, in this case, there really is something worth protection from bombardment. A building-yard for men-of-war, of very considerable importance, and under process of enlargement at this moment, whilst improvements also in hand in the navigation of the river will still further add to its importance; an arsenal with its usual concomitants, large military barracks and hospitals,—all these seem worth no little attention: so, it appears, thought our immediate ancestors for a century and a half back, as the present works date from 1710, and subsequently. We are informed, too, of another circumstance in connection with what may be called the landward view of the matter, for the same, or very similar, strategical reasons which induced Bishop Gundulph to build that massy Norman keep on the banks of the Medway at Rochester, which remains to this day like a huge tombstone to the memory of feudalism, still exist in all their force. Chatham and Rochester lie on the high road from the continent to London. An enemy who had landed near Deal, and was advancing on the metropolis, must attack Chatham before he could cross the river (as there is not another bridge but that at Rochester for miles higher up), or make a considerable detour by Maidstone, and leave so important a garrison in his rear. These military reasons for the importance of Chatham, we think, will be comprehensible; there are others connected with its position relatively to the great chain of chalk hills which strike through Kent and Surrey—that huge natural fortification against southern invasion—not so easily understood of the people, and which shall therefore be let alone.

Chatham is a place much visited by sightseers: its “lines,”—even poor Tom Hood’s Mrs. Higginbottom saw them quite plainly, “with the clothes drying on them,”—are or were famous in guide-books; and most people therefore are more or less aware that the dockyard—with its building-sheds, timber-yards, gun-wharf, stores, &c. &c.—lie along

the east bank of the river for about a mile, and at the foot of a steep hill, on the sides of which are perched the barracks, hospital, military church, and other buildings of Brompton; and that it is along the crest of this hill that the "lines" run (E) dipping to the water on each side; and few who have passed into the lines from the Chatham side, will have forgotten that perilous draw-bridge over the deep yawning fosse, and the unpleasant-looking guns pointing out of ominous embrasures, and ready to make a clean sweep of every or anything which might come within their range.

It will also be remembered that, just above the dockyard, the Medway begins writhing about in its course like an eel in convulsions, taking a sudden sweep to N.W., and then an equally sharp one, S.W., and again a third, S., and thus forming the peninsula on which Rochester stands; and some may go on so far as to recollect that the heights occupied by the lines sink very abruptly to the Dover Road, and rise with equal abruptness on the other side, leaving a chasm which is filled by the straggling dirty town of Chatham. A strong fort (Fort Pitt) overhangs this last town, and a chain of works in an unfinished condition stretches thence down to the river, south of Rochester, with the intention of isolating the peninsula on which that city stands.

Chatham lines proper are about a mile and a quarter in length; but a direct line drawn from the northern commencement of these lines to the western termination of those behind Rochester measures quite two miles and a half,—formidable lines one would think—but not, it appears, judged sufficient for the protection of Chatham dockyard in these days, and for the reasons to be mentioned immediately.

No mention has been made, by the way, of certain ancient and decrepit works lying a little further down the river than the dockyard, because they are formally condemned as "obsolete and in a state of decay," and one of them only, Upnor Castle, possesses any interest, and that historical. It appears there are three directions in which an advance may be made on Chatham. The first from the east, by an enemy advancing from the direction of Dover, along the ridge on the left of our illustration, and on which Gillingham Church stands. On this side the celebrated lines are seen to be open to easy capture by escalade; a discovery which has not improbably been gradually forced on the attention of the authorities by the numerous sham attacks which have taken place here during the last few years. Nature, however, has on this side placed the site of the dockyard out of danger of bombardment, by hiding it behind the heights we have before alluded to. This seems reasonably comprehensible, for though a boy may throw one ball over a high wall—or a hundred for that matter—the chances are strong that not one in fifty hits what it is aimed at. Military engineers in like manner, it appears, never bombard what they cannot see, though it be a dockyard a mile long and a quarter wide, and the distance of which, from the mortar-batteries could be accurately measured on the maps—however, far be it from

little further on, through the chasm of which we spoke, as the bed of dirty Chatham, a clear view of the dockyard is obtained.

The second attack might be made from the opposite bank of the Medway, and would come from an enemy advancing from the direction of London or the south-coast. On this side the dockyard is completely open, with nothing but the river in front of it.

The third attack would be made by an enemy coming from the northward, who had contrived to land somewhere on the south-coast of the Thames, between the fortifications in Lower Hope and those on the Isle of Grain.

A bold system of defences has been devised for protection against the two first attacks,—it is nothing less than a fresh set of lines altogether,—we are speaking as civilians, and not using the word in its military acceptation.

It is shown in our engraving (FF, &c.), and will be observed to consist of a string of no less than ten new forts, to be connected, as we gather, by other works, beginning near Gillingham Church, a mile outside the Chatham lines, enclosing these as well as those behind Rochester, descending to the Medway half a mile higher up than the present lines, resuming on the opposite bank, and stretching right across the neck of the peninsula, between the Thames and Medway, until they join the works at Shornemead.

For defence against the northern attack, reliance is principally placed upon the natural difficulties of the spot referred to for the necessary landing. One scarcely ever meets with any one who has been there, and our engraving is inevitably on too small a scale to convey any idea of it beyond that it is a tract of very flat marshy country, with plenty of mud between its shore and the navigable channel of the Thames. A more dreary or difficult place for the landing of an army with siege-artillery can be hardly conceived. The engravings of the disastrous attack on the Peiho forts will furnish some notion of the acres upon acres of oozy alimy mud, bare, except for a short period of each tide, and intersected by a few streams and creeks, with contents like pea-soup, which form its natural boundary riverward. The river wall surmounted, a vast extent of perfectly flat marshy country is found intersected by a few dykes and a net-work of drains. Osier-beds and sluices;—here and there a shed for the cattle, which are seen roving about by thousands as on a prairie, are almost the only objects which relieve the monotony, with the exception perhaps of the coast-guard station, which looks like a Cayenne for the transportation of refractory coast-guardsmen; or of an occasional farm-house, equally like a place of voluntary exile chosen by a man disgusted with life and strongly bent on justifiable suicide.

When it is added that the whole of this expanse can be laid under water at short notice, it is not surprising to find that a fort—a self-defensible one—perched on a species of hillock at Slough (K), where the land begins to rise out of the marsh, will be sufficient to allay all fears in this quarter. We should add, that it was to this

defences on the Isle of Grain; of course it will add the support of those fortifications to its natural duty of standing sentry over the acres of marsh and mud.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



Remains of the Confessor's Buildings at Westminster Abbey.

SOMETHING new about Westminster Abbey! What, after the library of books that have been written, from the account of Keepe to the "Ministers of England," published by Stanford in this year of grace 1860, can there possibly be anything new said? Even so; under the shadow of the old Abbey are "things not generally known," and certainly inaccessible to the general public. Let us try, as well as we are able, with the means of pen and ink, to give a sketch of this *terra incognita* to our readers. We shall simply detail, with one exception hereafter to be noticed, the aspect of places which we have actually seen and traversed—buildings of the time of the Confessor, remnants of a larger pile eight centuries old.

Few persons, as they cross the Broad Sanctuary or Palace Yard, or take their way to St. John's Square—mayhap to trace the house in which D'Israeli's Sybil counted the hours tolled by the clock of that extraordinary piece of barbaric magnificence, the church which fills the centre of the enclosure—can reproduce to their mind's eye the ancient grandeur of that superb abbey, its accessory buildings, and ample precinct. Allow us to recall the scene. To the south of King Street stood the northern gateway of the abbey, a double prison-gate, with doors opening westward and southward—the Bishop of London's prison for

refractory clerks, and subsequently of John Selden, Sir Walter Raleigh, jovial Pepys, and Colonel Richard Lovelace, who sung here that glorious strain within his gloomy cell,—

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

On the site of the present Sessions House was the detached belfry tower of the abbey, like that now to be seen near Chichester Cathedral, and adjoining it stood the chapel of the Sanctuary, the Alsatia of the west of London, and the birthplace of the unhappy Edward V., from which he was consigned to a more fatal durance in the Tower. Westward, where the new hotel is rapidly approaching completion, was the Almonry, in which Caxton first practised his immortal art—a site deserving a national commemoration. Fronting the gateway was a bridge, first built by "good Queen Maud," across the arm of the Thames that moated Thorney Island, at the head of Tothill-street. Westward and southward the walls bent round along the modern Dean and College streets; to the south of the latter were the bowling-green, with the hooded gamblers busy at their sport; the Abbat's pleasure with its sweet flowers and

babbling runnels, and the Hostry garden of the hospitable Guest-house, well-filled with vines and fruits, adjoining the Paradise and orchard, and beyond which stretched the meadows of Tothill, Eubery, and Neyte, where the snipe and wild duck fed among the marshes, and fish for fasting-days filled the pools; where the golden corn ricks redden in the sun, and the ruddy cattle and snow-white sheep have their folds. At the foot of College Street was another bridge; and to the eastward lay the king's palace.

Entering by the southern gateway, on the left are granaries, with their massive tower and double tier of pointed windows, the bakehouses and brew-houses stretching westwards; on the right are monastic offices, with old walls of grey flint and coigns of stone. Two gateways flank the cellarer's apartments on the east side, and these still remain; the northern tower was, as now, the porter's lodge; the southernmost opened into the quadrangle, and the present Little Dean's-yard, but then surrounded with the lodgings of the subordinate great officers of the abbey—the prior, sacrist, chamberlain, and lesser ecclesiastical magnates.

If we now pass under the porter's lodge, we shall see on the left a small court-yard; on the north is the Jerusalem Chamber, once the abbat's great chamber, and deriving its name from pictures of the Holy City which adorned its walls; on the west is the Abbot's Hall, now the dining-room of the Westminster schoolboys; and on the east and south is the deanery, formerly the abbat's lodge, and the palace of the Bishop of Westminster during the short episcopate of Dr. T. Thurlby. The Jerusalem Chamber, in which King Henry IV. died, and Sir Isaac Newton and Campbell the poet were laid in state, contains some curious glass of the time of Henry III., a quaintly-carved Jacobean mantelpiece of cedar-wood, and portions of the old tapestry hangings which long formed the ornament of the choir.

We will now enter the South Cloister, in which rests the great canonist Lyndwood, Bishop of St. David's, whose remains were transferred hither not many years since from the undercroft of St. Stephen's Chapel. Beautiful indeed is the solemn grey light—beautiful the misty perspective; yet it is not a hundred years ago since the wife of a reverend canon felt herself oppressed by the spleen, the vapours, or some similar complaint—mysteriously restricted to be the torment of the gentler sex—and prayed and besought her reverend spouse to alter what to her appeared a dim funereal hue. The canon consented: the edict went forth for whitewash: and whitewashed these glorious alleys would have been, but that the dean, one of the first of Oxford scholars as well as a man of taste, suddenly appeared—a *Deus ex machina*—when he was supposed to be snugly rustivating in the country, and stayed the profane hands, we trust for ever and a day. In these days we should have a storm of indignation raised at such an act of barbarity, as efficacious as that unearthly tempest which routed Dr. Dee under these grey roofs when he was plying his magic wand to discover the monks' buried treasures. On the right-hand side of the door, which is marked by a brass plate bearing the name of the sub-dean, is a blank

arcade, which served as the lavatory of the monks. Let us pass through another door on the lower side. We enter a little yard surrounded by sheds, and stumble, if we are not forewarned, over planks and garden tools; one moment—just peep behind that woodstore, and on that bit of rugged wall you will, even in the imperfect light, discern traces of a round-headed arcade: that is a fragment of the south wall of the monks' refectory. Now look up, with your back turned on that relic of one of the oldest parts of the conventual buildings; it is Saxon work, and you will see a range of decorated windows in that South Cloister wall, which lighted once the north side of that same chamber, where, on the annual high day, the salmon was served after having been laid before the high altar of the choir; there the successor of Edric the fisherman sate as the guest of my lord abbat. For the monks could tell a wonderful story of the ferry of Lambeth; how, at stormy midnight, a cry from the reedy shore of the Thames awoke the Saxon fisher to convey across the swollen river a mysterious stranger; how the unconsecrated minster suddenly blazed with tapers, and became vocal with pealing hymns; and when the bishop came at early dawn with holy oil and solemn procession, he found on walls and altar the unction administered by no less holy hands than those of St. Peter himself; and how the saint commended Edric to all good fortune, on condition that he and his sons should offer year by year a salmon in the new church dedicated to his honour.

Once more in the old Cloister. We glance up at the grand pile of the Minster through the bars of the moulding arcade, and down at the rude effigies of abbats laid under the low-arched recesses below the bench table, and tread upon Long Meg, the huge stone that covers the Forty who fell victims in a great year of plague and pestilence, centuries ago; on the right side is the last alley of the Cloister, on the left hand are the Dark Cloisters—alas! they have been whitewashed. Along the walls will be seen a range of doors; the northernmost the superb entrance of the vestibule of the Chapter-house; the next that of the Library, whereby hangs a tale; the third that of the Pyx-chamber, and then others which we shall enter in succession; nearly at the extreme end is the passage into the Little Cloisters.

This line of building, raised by the Confessor, forms the substructure of the Dormitory, now the Westminster boys' schoolroom. It runs in a direct line southward from the south transept, and is divided through the greater part of its length, about 100 feet in extent, by an arcade of massive columns. The range was once continuous and open like the ambulatory of Fountains Abbey, which was in fact a series of store-chambers allotted to the reception of the wheat grown and wool shorn by the homely farmer-like Cistercians, in preparation for their annual fair, and the base of the market-cross still stands among the ruins. The buildings at Westminster are similarly divided. The rude pillars, three feet six inches in diameter and three feet five inches high in the shaft, have only a rude abacus and chamfer, like a Doric capital, with bases as simple. They carry a plain groining with

square transverse ribs: and the southern portion has a waggon vault of tufa laid in rubble work still retaining in the plaster the traces of the centering-boards. One rude loop window yet remains. The Norman monks were sorely grieved with the simplicity of the capitals, and pared down the homely axe-hewn block, ornamenting the edges with quaint masks, and the opposite sides, where no partition intervened, with patterns of foliage of graceful design.

The Chapel of the Pyx is entered only by the representatives of the Exchequer, Treasury, and Goldsmiths' Company, who are armed with six mighty keys, when they come to assay new coin with the standards of the realm, which are here preserved. No other "Sesame" can open this mysterious door, or admit to the secrets that lie behind. And a gloomy, murky, low-browed den it is, after all, with presses against the wall, once containing records of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and retaining drawers labelled in the handwriting of "painful Master Agarde," and on the floor empty chests and cases of the XIIIth century, one of leather, powdered with fleur-de-lys, and strapped with iron, another with thick plates of the same material; and a third, of richer work in metal, with the dies of medieval coins. In the eastern bay stands a stone altar, with the round hollow for the "mensa;" and a water-drain of the XIIIth century placed conveniently on one side. A detached column fills the centre of the building. The small windows are doubly grated, to prevent mischance from itching palms; they were probably added, according to the proverb, on the principle of shutting the door after the steed has been stolen, subsequent to the loss of 100,000*l.*, laid up prudently by Edward I. for his Scottish wars: a precedent worthy of imitation by modern Chancellors of Exchequer in these evil days of double and anticipated income-tax. The abbat and forty monks fell under bare suspicion, and were sent without benefit of clergy, or of judge and jury, to taste the cold comfort of the Tower.

On the east side of the chapel is the staircase to the Library; under which is a modern wine-cellar. On the door, once, probably, the entrance of the Pyx-chamber, are some dry, hard strips—fragments of white leather which once covered the entire surface—they are human skin! probably, flayed from some wretched thief caught in the act of peering too curiously into the dim darkness on the other side, and set up here as a warning to all bold robbers. A very narrow strip—a mere passage—lies between the cellar and the chamber beyond; when the present excellent architect of the abbey first entered it, he found the floor heaped up with rubbish, which had a springy motion beneath his feet. He searched this mass, which lay feet deep, and found a number of little poplar-wood boxes, with parchment deeds and seals of the XIIIth century, and a deposit of vellum packets, writs of the courts of justice, from the reign of Edward III. to Henry VII., and encaustic tiles with the glaze as fresh as when they left the kiln.

The undermost part of the heap was in a state of hopeless decay, the salvage lies on the floor of the Library. This room is part of the grand old dormitory, and retains its timber roof. Most of

the old chartularies or MSS. of the abbey are in the keeping of that "helluo librorum," the British Museum. But still there are some curious books: old copies of the English Bible, 1540—1706; a Welsh Bible of 1588; a Suetonius, 1490; Suidas and Avicenna, 1498; Littleburius in Threnos, printed at Oxford, 1482; the Complutensian Polyglott, 1515; the first printed Greek edition of the Holy Scriptures, by Aldi at Venice, 1518; Day's Service Book, with the musical notation; Barnard's Cathedral Music (the only other known copy is at Berlin); Abbat Litlington's Missal, dated 1362, and the first edition of Aristotle, and Lucian, Florence, 1517; and an Editio-princeps of Plato on vellum. There is also a *Méya Spyayov*, but not of Aristotle: curious fragments of iron-work spurs, rowels, &c., lie on a table, and in a book-case hard by are copies of Coronation Services; that of James II. is radiant with crimson and gold, a style of binding decreasing in splendour as it grows more modern, till, under the Reformed Parliament it dwindles into a thin ill-printed 4to. "done up" in glazed black covers. We took it at first for a form of Burial, or the Sermon preached before the Lords.

Let us now descend the stairs, and following the line of the Dark Cloisters and the very work of the Confessor, but deformed by modern whitewash, turn sharply to the eastward through the cross passage to the Little Cloisters. On the right is an oak-door and a small tower; the one was the entrance of the gloomy Star-chamber, that English Inquisition through which many a bold heart has passed fluttering and apprehensive of fine and mutilation. The other was the belfry of the Infirmary Chapel of St. Katharine. It is impossible now to decide whether the infirmary-hall lay east or west across the little garth, or may be traced in an apartment now converted into servants' rooms by floors and partitions in a canon's house, which boasts a fine Tudor-roof with carved bosses and beams, carefully whitewashed! In the south-west angle of the Little Cloister a door admits into the hall of the Infirmary's house, built by Abbat Litlington, which has been recently restored; a gallery on the north side, once extended over the south aisle of the chapel beyond; the fire-place is still visible. The early perpendicular door of the Infirmary Chapel occupies the centre of the east alley of the Cloister, and the southern arcade of its nave of late Norman work, which remains, bears a great resemblance to that of a similar building at Ely.

Ruins of infirmary chapels are found about Canterbury and Peterborough. They were so designed that the sick monks could hear the service as they lay on their pallets. This chapel was the scene of the battle ecclesiastical between a Becket and Roger of York, when the northern primate plumped down in the lap of "Canterbury" on failing to dispossess himself of the presidential chair, and monks and retainers fought lustily, northern and southern, only ceasing when with bloody crowns and broken limbs, they at length took breath, and York, with a torn rochet and crimson face, betook himself to Windsor to complain lustily before the king. The College Garden was the Paradise of the infirmary, where Queen Mary kept tryst with Duke Maximilian,—the one

bright spot in a long life of sorrow. Here it was that the royal pursuivant brought the mandate of exile to the aged Feckenham, as he was planting some young trees.

"Sir," said the last of the Abbats, "suffer me to finish my work; but I know of a truth, that this Abbey of Westminster shall ever be preserved."

We must retrace our steps to the Great Cloister. Before us the beautiful double doorway, with faint traces of gold and colour; its exquisite scroll-work and foliage, with a tree of Jesse entwined, admits us to the vestibule of the Chapter-house, which is situated under the old dormitory. Those prints upon the stone-pavement were by the feet of the monks. On the right is the door with its ugly fringe of human skin; on the left the former entrance to the sacristy, commonly but erroneously

known as the Chapel of St. Blaise. Before us is the inner vestibule with a flight of stairs leading up to the great portal of the Chapter-house; the walled-up windows on the side lighted the altar of the sacristy, which is now entered from the south transept. The footpace of the altar at the east end, and a fresco in oil of the Madonna, a crucifix with a Benedictine in prayer, remain, with a monkish distich:

*Me, quem culpa gravis premit erige Virgo suavis,
Fac mihi placatum Christum, deleasque reatum.*

The western end was the vestry, and years ago the rack for copes and vestments remained on the wall; the aumbries for the sacred vessels and jewels have been preserved; and so valuable was the store that three strong-doors—one lined with



The door of the Star Chamber, Westminster Abbey.

human skins—were considered to be indispensable to its security. A bridge of stone and a winding stair once formed a communication between the dormitory and transept.

The Chapter-house was, soon after its erection in the latter part of the thirteenth century, alienated from use by the Benedictines. In the two last parliaments of King Edward III. we find the Commons desired to remove from the Painted Chamber—"a leur ancienne place en la maison de chapitre de l'abbaye de Westm'." Almost 60 ft. in diameter, and only inferior in point of size to the Chapter-house of Lincoln, but far surpassing it in beauty, it is an octagon, a form substituted for the oblong ground-plan of the former century in imitation, probably, of the circular churches introduced by the Templars. The height of the crown of

the vaulting is fifty-four feet; the groined roof was taken down upwards of a century since, but the ribs have been found carefully packed away in a recess in the walls. The central shafted pillar of Purbeck marble, thirty-five feet high, is still standing; beneath the boarded-floor lies a superb encaustic pavement with tiles of noble design, and stained with the legend of St. John and the Confessor; and the walls are arcaded with stalls, and, in one portion, have oil-paintings of the fourteenth century, representing the Saviour showing His five wounds to the Heavenly host, and angels with wings full of eyes within, and inscribed with the names of virtues, receiving the souls of the ransomed and setting crowns of gold upon their heads, as also some later paintings of subjects from the Apocalypse.

Some fine images and statues have survived the wreck wrought by iconoclasts; lovely little figures still stand among foliage of exquisite daintiness; capitals still retain their refined and delicate work; but the tall windows are blocked up with brick and stone, and the whole building betrays the neglect and ill-usage to which it has been for years subjected since it was converted into a public record office in the reign of Edward VI., and so continued until last year, when the curious collection was removed: Wills and pipe-rolls, rolls of parliament and treaties of state, the Domesday-book of the Norman, the golden bull of Clement VII. conferring the title of Defender of the Faith on Henry VIII., the resignation of the Scottish crown by John Baliol, and the exquisite seal wrought by the hands of Benvenuto Cellini, and attached to the treaty of perpetual amity signed by Bluff Hal and Francis I.

Below the Chapter-house is an undercroft—a crypt with a vault supported on a round pillar. Midway in its height the latter has a deep set aumbry for relics, cut into its very centre. There are also in the walls a water-drain, altar-recess, aumbry, and the sockets of a screen.

Once more in the Cloister; the door in the turret opposite is open, and up the winding stair we rise step by step until we stand alongside of the roof of the dormitory, which still retains two windows of the time of the Confessor. Southward rises the long north wall of the Refectory; were the windows divested of their brickwork, we might fancy the remainder of the building was yet perfect. We stoop our head, and pass under a low door into a small room with timbered partitions and plastered walls; it contains the indentures of the chapel of Henry VII., in a trunk of that period. On the other side of the compartment is the large painting of the White Hart, the badge of Richard II., and we think of his prophecy, that when that supporter was removed from the arms of England, her green fields should be crimsoned with the blood of her sons, warring one with another. We are standing in a tribune, built over the east alley of the cloister, which occupies the place of what would have been otherwise a west aisle of the south transept. Those muniment chests of oak, that quadrant-shaped cope-box, those coffers and trunks, some reaching back to the XIIIth century, contain the archives of the abbey. The *cope-box* is not here, but in the triforium gallery.

There, before us, is that glorious interior, the grandest of all Gothic buildings, majestic, imperturbable, sublime, beautiful as ever. The haze of grey and purple fills distant chantry and aisle, and floats through tall arches and along the gilded roofs: but on the diapered walls fall golden gleams, bars of light cast by the fast-westerling sun; two lines of tapers in the choir grow momentarily brighter as we stand and gaze across the transept: and then from the white-robed choristers—the white robes gradually fading paler and paler with the waning daylight—rises the soft, low anthem in a minor key—in that voice of boys that seems with innocence to lose also its freshness and thrilling power. There is a passive inspiration in all around: the air grows thick with

crowding fancies, enhanced by the indistinctness which falls shadowy and mysterious on the chanting choir, and the building that apparently dilates its vast dimensions; a sovereign anodyne for every sorrow seems to fill the very atmosphere. And then the glorious organ lifts its grand voice—broad waves of glorious music beat against the windows, shivering in every pane, as though they trembled for pleasure at those triumphant tones. Then all is still again, and—

From yonder tower
The day is tolled into eternity!
How hollow, dread, and dismal is the peal,
Now rolling up its vast account to Heaven!
Awhile it undulates, then dies away
In mutter'd echoes, like the ebbing groans
Of drowning men!

We cannot close this paper without adding a few lines in acknowledgment of the great debt which the abbey owes to Mr. G. G. Scott, who has not only exposed to view the columns of St. Catherine's Chapel, which were formerly concealed in dust-bins and coal-cellars, opened and restored the vestibule to the Chapter-house, and discovered and reopened the staircase to what once was the Dormitory, but has stereotyped a large portion of the internal surface which was fast crumbling to decay, by saturating it with an invisible resinous solution. This process has been recently applied to the Royal tombs and the whole of the wall-arcading of the more ancient parts of the church, the older triforium, and the entrance to the Chapter-house; and it is intended to extend it to the rest of the building. Though much has been done in the way of preservation, and of restoration too, we fear that the spirit in which the Chapter, as a body, deal with the old monastic buildings is somewhat utilitarian, and that they are collectively too much inclined to view the remains of antiquity as a lot of rubbish which militates against the convenience of their residences and those of their officers and dependants. It is to be feared too that this utilitarian spirit may derive some encouragement from the contemplated removal of Westminster School from the precincts of the abbey to a more rural and retired spot, which would probably be followed at no distant interval by a removal also of some of the most interesting of ancient landmarks.

OUR SECOND LINE OF DEFENCES.

NO. II.—PORTSMOUTH.

IN those glorious old days, still remembered with a sigh of regret by a few very elderly gentlemen of sporting tendencies, when the noble science, as its votaries called it, was one of the specialities of every English gentleman, from princes of the blood to "seedy bucks," it must have been a curious study for any one not bitten with the prevalent mania to observe the care and pains bestowed upon the heroes of the ring, to watch how the universal interest concentrated itself for the time upon the pair of brawny louts who were getting ready to bruise nature's noblest handiwork out of all recognisable shape and proportion, how the noblemen and the young bloods who led the fashion were wont to make up parties, and drive down to their man's training quarters in all sorts of quaint-looking vehicles whose bizarre outlines have been preserved for us by undying Gilray; how they inspected, and overhauled, and cross-examined their pet; how they instituted the strictest inquiries into his diet, his clothing, his habits, his indulgences; how they one after another watched their opportunity to take his trainer aside, and confidentially direct him to let the Chicken want for nothing, and to spare no expense, so that he was brought to the scene of his contest "as bright as a star, and as strong as a lion;" how, returning to town, each set cracked up its man to the other; how they bragged of the hardness of his thigh and the development of his flexor; and how they laid each other swingeing bets on the event. How, moreover, the common sort followed, sheep-like, in the wake of the young bloods, and in taverns and wine-shops, and gambling-houses, and even in the rude settles of country road-side inns, discussed after their fashion the news of the animal's progress, and laid modest wagers on the man of their choice. All this has passed away from among us, and we go mad, and speculate, and argue, and wager about matters of heavier moment it may be—that is, if weight of metal is to kick the beam—and the few lingering remnants of the prize ring are "brutal ruffians," and their fewer patrons "knaves or idiots."

But what on earth has all this to do with our National Defences, or with Portsmouth? Just thus much—that Portsmouth and Cherbourg are, for the nonce, our two fighting men—standing frowning at each other across those eighty miles of Channel that intervene, and ready on small provocation to be foul of one another with something harder, heavier, and infinitely more damaging than the heaviest human fist that ever shot straight out from shoulder. The parallel holds good throughout; both on the French side and our own, there is the same extravagant excitement, the same cracking up, the same wagering, and the same earnest entreaty that no expense should be spared. Even in days when the late Duke of Wellington complained that he could not get £1000 from Parliament for experiments on which we now think nothing of spending £10,000 at a time, Portsmouth could always manage to smuggle a snug little sum through for itself to be expended in strengthening its defences.

The fact is, there is not only a general feeling—

a little undefined, perhaps, but none the weaker for that—that the place is of immense national importance; but there is, moreover, and this especially of late years, a feeling of uneasy jealousy directed across the Channel, and a sort of tacit resolution not to allow one man to lose a chance of asserting his superiority over the other. So it has happened that the defences of Portsmouth have been the work of succeeding ages, expanding with the exigencies, intelligence, and the apprehensions of the day, and exhibiting rather an accumulation of successive distinct devices conceived *pro re nata*, than, as Cherbourg—a large and comprehensive scheme, imagined and carried out on one uniform plan.

The recognition of the great national importance of the position of Portsmouth Harbour has been so general, and it has received so much discussion and illustration in the course of the last two or three years, at the hands of essayists and journalists of all sorts and classes, that everybody must be tolerably familiar with those peculiarities of its position from which its importance is derived; it is nevertheless necessary to a due comprehension of the enlarged system of defence now in progress of construction, that the salient points of the position should be briefly recalled.

Looking at a map of the south coast of England, it is easy to conceive a time when the Isle of Wight formed a promontory jutting out from the main land, between Alban's Head and Selsea Bill. If some enormous Saurian of the very elder times, had, in a fit of extreme rage, or uncontrollable hunger, taken a bite at such a promontory; and, not liking the morsel, had returned it a few miles from the spot whence he had taken his bite, the result one can imagine being precisely the appearance which the Isle of Wight and the opposite shore mutually present. By the way, there are one or two such "bites," on a smaller scale in ranges of English and Irish mountains, though these are generally assigned to an ancient reptile, whose portraiture belongs rather to the imagination of monks, than the researches of science. At the bottom of our "bite," lies the deep gulf known as Southampton Water, and between it and Selsea Bill, a system of bays, peninsulas, and islands, which cut up and intersect the whole of the dead level of which that piece of country consists. The easternmost of these is Chichester Harbour, the next Langston Harbour; both are exceedingly, and we believe increasingly, shallow, and at dead low water present nothing but hundreds of acres of mud with some lazy oozy channels winding in and out in the middle. Between the mouth of Langston Harbour, however, and Southampton Water, the coast, after advancing rather prominently into the sea southward, both from east and west, recedes somewhat suddenly into a deep bay, at the bottom of which is the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, very narrow (about 220 yards), and very deep (ten fathoms, or sixty feet at low water). The harbour gradually widens for about a mile and a half northward, with ample water for the largest line-of-battle ships, and then suddenly expands into a considerable inland lake, some five miles each way in its greatest dimensions, presenting at high

water a very pleasing effect, but at low water differing little from its neighbour of Langston, except that its intersecting channels are deeper. Outside the harbour mouth, the continual drainage of the harbour through the sluice of its mouth has piled up a long shoal, which runs for nearly two miles in a south-easterly direction, parallel with the eastern coast of the bay, and narrowing the navigable channel to about a quarter of a mile from the shore, whilst beyond the head of this shoal, which is called the Spit Sand, is the world-famous anchorage of Spithead, effectually sheltered from every wind that can blow, except that from S.E., and which, until the other day, was generally considered a tolerably innocuous quarter on the British coast. To the south and west of Portsmouth Harbour lies the huge natural earthwork of the Isle of Wight, the whole southern side of which, with some exceptions, presents an inaccessible rampart of cliff and rock, and the narrow channel between the western extremity of which and the mainland is still further defended by the natural difficulties of an extremely intricate navigation, and a tremendous current. To the south-east the anchorage is open—but of this more presently.

This extremely snug position of Portsmouth Harbour must have struck our ancestors very forcibly. There is not the slightest occasion to drag the reader through a tedious historical disquisition on the rise and progress of the place. It is merely the recognition of its importance as a military and commercial harbour, as well as a place of embarkation for the continent, that need be impressed. When that impression first began to prevail is not material. County historians are of course fond of carrying its date back to the remotest antiquity that local pride can conceive, and without venturing into the mythical regions of Lud and "Brute," will allow no later date to the commencement of its importance than the era of the Roman rule. A modern French historian of Algeria disposes of a grave chronological difficulty in a very pleasant and summary manner by assigning to the event in question "*une époque absolument inconnue*," and it is far more convenient for our present purpose to dispose of the earliest rise of the harbour to the post of an important sea-port in a similar manner. Whenever this event really did take place, the local tradition seems reasonable enough, namely, that the remains of Porchester Castle, with its fine old massy towers and keep of evident Norman construction, mark the site of the ancient sea-port, in days when there was more water and less mud in the upper part of the harbour; but that, the one diminishing and the other increasing, the old port was gradually abandoned for one nearer the sea—in short, on the site of the present Portsmouth.

The convenience of this port with its roadstead as a place of debarkation and embarkation has been recognised by all sorts of people, by Saxon Porta and Norman Robert, by the Empress Maud and Henry III., by other Henrys, and Edwards, and Richards, by Charles's Duke of Buckingham, who here met Felton's knife as the Rochelle expedition was assembling; and from those days, by all

our statesmen and naval commanders, down to the rendezvous days of the late war, to the days of our own Baltic and Channel fleets; and last, though not least, at any rate in his own opinion, to the days of the lately arrived Persian ambassador in our finest transport ship. A corresponding recognition of the necessity for fortifications kept pace with the growing consciousness of the importance of the position. The French were not idle in evincing a similar appreciation, but in a very disagreeable manner, and a raid they made on the place in King Edward III.'s time, and in which they burned the town and shipping, though visited by a mettlesome retaliation on the part of the townspeople themselves, who a short time after played a return match in the mouth of the Seine, and brought off "a great booty of wine," seems, nevertheless, to have set subsequent monarchs thinking of the wisdom of some regular system of fortifications. What Edward IV. began in this way was carried on by subsequent sovereigns, though for a very long time little seems to have been thought of but the merest obvious protection of the narrow gut which forms the entrance to the harbour. In old John Leland's time, there was, "at this point of the Haven," (still called "the Point," by the way), "a great round tourre," which, with the view of enabling us accurately to estimate its dimensions, he adds is "almost double in quantitie and strenkith to that that is on the west side of the haven right agayn," (now Block House Fort), "and here is a mighty chayne of yren to draw from toure to toure." Queen Bess showed her wisdom in thinking the fortifications worth very considerable outlay, so did the advisers of the Merrie Monarch, as well as his contrast, phlegmatic, calculating William of Orange.

In short, one may say that from Henry VIII.'s time down to our own days, scarce any government has failed to contribute something to the strengthening of the national stronghold.

After all these years of care and pains bestowed on "the defence of Portsmouth dockyard and harbour, as also the fine roadstead at Spithead, against attack or occupation by an enemy," an object which "has ever been considered of primary importance," it is rather mortifying to find that as regards an attack from seaward, "it is evident that the existing defences would not suffice to protect either the dockyard or the anchorage against attack by an enemy's fleet in the present day," and that as far as a land attack is concerned, "the lines have long been considered a most inefficient protection;" mortifying in truth, but the secret is easily discovered. It is the same as has been hinted at in the first paper on this subject in connection with the fortifications at Sheerness and Chatham. Steam and rifled cannon, and iron-cased ships, have revolutionised warfare in many of its leading principles. In old days, no one dreamt of opening fire on a fortress at a greater distance than 1000 yards; the new works recommended in 1825, and in part completed, were considered to have provided amply for the improvements in modern artillery, by extending the works of defence to a distance of 4000 yards; and these works are not nearly finished when, as has been

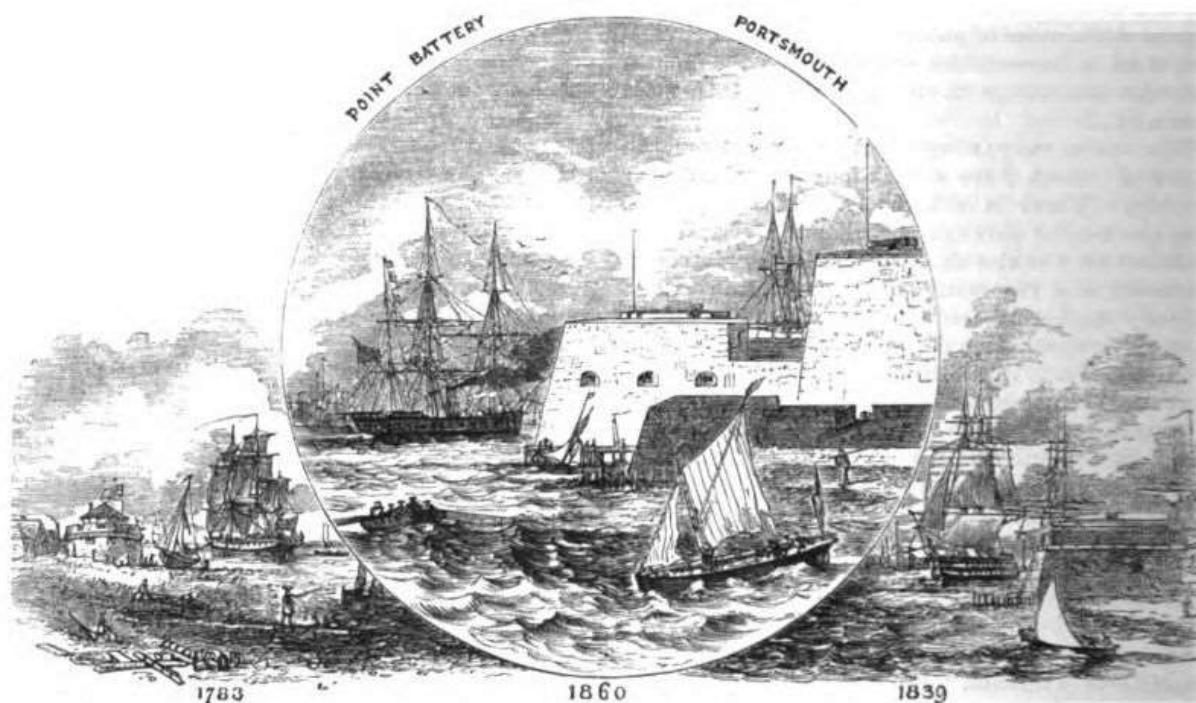
before noticed, modern progress doubles that distance; nay, Sir W. Armstrong deposes, that "for special service, guns might be constructed to give a range of six miles, or perhaps more," and the committee, on the effect of the new rifled-cannon on fortifications, inform us that it will now be "necessary that an enemy be kept at a distance of 9000 yards,* or five miles," and that thus "a place situated on a flat, or surrounded by heights that look into it from that distance, would require a contour of outworks upwards of thirty miles in extent."

There is another point to be borne in mind in considering the effect of the modern method of warfare, at least as far as a sea attack is concerned. Our heaviest ordnance are placed, and with reason, on gunboats. A very few of these, armed with a couple of the new rifled-cannon each, and firing conical shell, would be sufficient to set

* See foot-note to previous article, p. 544.

all Portsmouth dockyard in a blaze at a distance of four miles, whilst at that distance each gunboat presents but a tiny mark for the batteries on shore. Nor is this all. The plan of action with gunboats is—as at Sweaborg—to keep constantly in motion, generally circling round and round, easing for a moment as the gun is ready, delivering fire, and then steaming on again during the reloading. To hit so small an object under such circumstances is, as has been observed, extremely difficult. No wonder that Sir Wm. Armstrong considers that "at 4000 yards a gunboat would be practically safe."

The principle of modern defences, therefore, is necessarily no longer a complete enceinte, as in old days, by which the place to be protected was surrounded by a cunningly devised system of ramparts and ditches, so arranged as that the various parts mutually supported each other; or rather, it is not only this, for the old ramparts are still good for



close fighting, but it consists principally in pushing forward to a sufficient distance, in advance of the place to be defended, a series of detached forts, or "out-works," as they are called, so arranged as at once to be each a little fortress in itself, and at the same time assist its neighbours on both sides with that most terrible of all artillery appliances—a cross-fire. Through a well arranged cordon of such works, it would be impossible, or nearly so, for an enemy to push his way on land, at least without first reducing them; and whether at land or sea, even a successful dash through them, without reducing them, would leave the advancing force open to attack in the rear. In some cases, as we shall see presently, it is deemed advisable to connect these detached works by lines; but the principle remains the same.

It has been necessary to explain at length this principle of modern fortification, because, without some comprehension of it, it would be difficult to understand the full object of the seven-and-twenty

detached forts, with which in our engraving the country round Portsmouth appears dotted; whilst with such a comprehension, the system becomes the simplest thing in the world.

A land attack on Portsmouth would be made either from the west or from the north; the first, by an enemy who had landed somewhere west of the Needles, for, as we shall presently see, the passage of the western entrance of the Solent by a force of troops and artillery sufficient to effect a landing between Southampton Water and Stokes's Bay, may be looked upon as an improbability, nearly amounting to an impossibility; the other, by an enemy who had landed either on that spot or eastward of Langston Harbour, with a view of marching on London, and who should either attack Portsmouth as his first step, or detach a portion of his army to destroy it, whilst his main body kept our force in the field in check.

The advance from the westward would meet with the triple line of defence presented by (1°)



Portsmouth Lines; B. Gosport Lines; C. The Dockyard; D. The Victualling Yard; E. Point Battery; F. Block House Fort; G. Monkton Fort; H. Works on Gifficker Point I. Works in Stokes's Bay; J. J. &c. Chain of new Outworks; K. K. &c. Chain of new Outworks on Portsdown Hill; L. L. &c. Chain of new Outworks; M. Hilsa Lines; N. Cumberland Fort; O. Eastney Fort; P. Lump's Fort; Q. Foulsea Castle; R. Horse Sand Fort; S. Intermediate Fort; T. Spit Sand Fort; U. No Man's Land Fort; W. Sturbridge Fort; X. Appley House Battery; Y. Nettlestone Point Battery; Z. Spithead.

the chain of outlying forts (K K, &c.), which are posted from four to four and a half miles in front of the lines at Gosport, (2°) the inner line of works (J J, &c.) lying about two miles in front of the lines, and which are to be connected by regular lines, and (3°) the old Gosport lines themselves, which, though utterly inefficient as a protection against bombardment, would be nevertheless of use in repelling an attempt at capture. The distances between the forts which are to compose the outermost line of defence are such as to give full play to the principle of cross-firing; those between the forts of the second line are still less, enabling these latter to be all brought into play at once.

But the attack from which most danger seems to be apprehended is that from the ridge of hill lying northward of Portsmouth, and known as Portsdown Hill. We are told that "no position could be more favourable for effecting" the bombardment of the dockyard. "The distance varies from 6000 to 9000 yards; the naval establishments and ships in the harbour are in full view, and could be destroyed by an enemy who should succeed in establishing himself there for a short time." There was no hope of doing anything with this ridge by halves, and the bold expedient has therefore been hit upon of fortifying the whole of it from one end to the other (six miles in length). The summit of the ridge, therefore, is to be occupied by four large forts, and three smaller ones (L L, &c.) A rampart and ditch is to connect them, and be continued at each end down to the shores of Portsmouth and Langston harbours, and works in advance of these flank lines (L L) are still further to cover the approach.

This forms the first or outlying line of defence, and it should be added that the formation of Portsdown Hill, which is entirely composed of chalk, and the peculiar character of the ridge which forms its summit, which is nearly a level expanse of open down, are both peculiarly favourable to the construction of extensive military works. The chalk is easily cut into the requisite ramparts and ditches, whilst the open nature of the ground, visible along its whole length by every part, affords the greatest facilities for communication; and, though Sir J. Burgoyne points out that such lines would require an army for their defence, it must be recollected at the same time that an army would be, by parity of reasoning, needed for this attack—a huge one, indeed, if the attack is to take place simultaneously along their whole extent. If, as is more probable, it were given at but one or two points, the circumstances already pointed out render concentration of the defending force comparatively easy.

The line of works on Portsdown Hill then forms, with its two flanks, the first and most important line of defence on the north. But, as on the western or Gosport side, there are two other lines within this. The first consists of the Hilsea lines (M). It will be observed that * Portsmouth is built on the south-western corner of an island called Port-

sea Island, which is separated from the mainland by a narrow channel called Hilsea Channel, connecting Portsmouth and Langston harbours. The only roads to Portsmouth—a coach road, and the London and South Coast Railway—necessarily cross the Hilsea Channel; in fact, in this direction only is there any land access to Portsmouth at all. Along the whole of this northern end of Portsea Island runs a chain of works through which both roads pass, and which are capable of offering a formidable check to an advancing force. Hilsea lines, then, form the second line of defence on the northern side. The third is presented by the old Portsmouth lines themselves, which, like their brethren round Gosport, though inefficient to protect the dockyard from bombardment, are so far of material use in protecting the place from capture, that, if manned by an ordinarily sufficient garrison, they could not be taken without a regular siege.

Let us next turn our attention seaward, and consider the nature of the defences provided against an attack from that quarter, either on the dockyard by bombardment, or on Portsmouth altogether by capture, or on the roadstead at Spithead by a dashing cutting-out expedition; and of these three, let it be mentioned in passing, that the third appears to have been thought worthy of much careful consideration. It is pointed out that "in all former wars Spithead has been used as a perfectly secure rendezvous for a fleet; that receiving ships, sheer hulks, and many other appliances for refit, have been stationed there; extensive repairs by shipwrights, artificers, and riggers, have been carried on there, and no ships used ever to be allowed to proceed into harbour, merely for victualling and watering, or completing the ordinary supplies of stores and ammunition, and that all these operations will still require to be performed at Spithead, in addition to coaling, which will henceforth be not less important." We are reminded that "convoys of more than a hundred sail of merchant vessels at a time have been assembled at Spithead;" and then the difficulty of stopping "by any practicable amount of fire from batteries" the passage of swift steamships dashing past at full speed, is much insisted on, and the object of the defensive works in progress or recommended seems to be not so much to prevent an enemy's cruisers from making a swoop on Spithead altogether, as to make the place too hot for them when there.

A sea attack must come either from the westward, by way of the Needles and the Solent, or from the south-eastward. It would almost require a separate article to give any adequate idea of the defences of the Needles passage, existing, in progress, or about to be constructed. Its natural features have been already alluded to. To these must be added the combined cross and raking fires of extensive batteries at Hurst Castle, on the north, and of no less than six others, lying along the shore, or perched on the cliffs for five miles on the south. A strong boom is also to be placed, in war time, across the narrowest part of the channel, and under the guns of Hurst Castle; and it seems to be considered tolerably certain that no enemy would risk the natural difficulties of the

* It will be well to bear in mind that throughout this paper Portsmouth and Portsea have been invariably mentioned under the first name only. For all purposes of it, they are but one town, and when the alterations shall have been made in their fortifications, will be actually one as well.

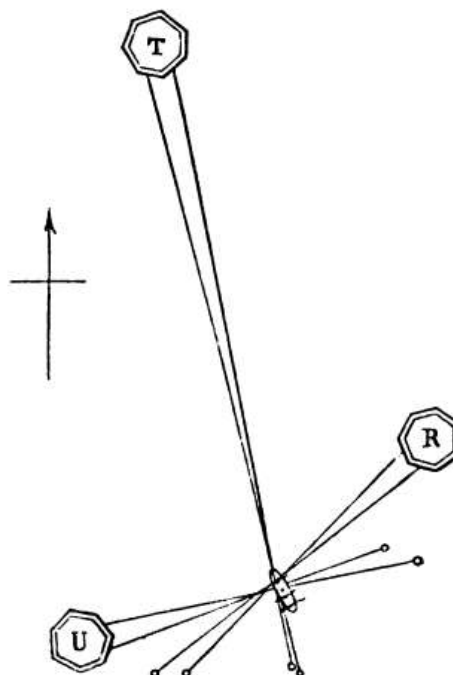
passage, and the damage which must be inflicted in running the gauntlet of so formidable a chain of forts, for the mere sake of scrambling up to Spithead by the Solent, only to find himself, when there, involved in the same kind of difficulties from the cross-fire of sea and land forts, which are next to be described.

Before, however, proceeding to consider the nature of the sea defences at and around Spithead, it will be necessary first of all to take a glance at the map of the sea's bottom, between the mainland and the Wight. The Spit Sand has already been described. Its outlines, as well as those of the other shoals about to be mentioned, are denoted in our engraving by dotted lines. To the eastward of the Spit, there stretches down southward, to a distance of three miles from Southsea Castle, another large shoal called the Horse Sand, with a pendant going off S.E., called the Horse Tail; and though vessels of light draught—especially at high water—pass across the sand, yet the regular channel, and the only one for all large ships, lies south of the sand, and of five black buoys which mark the edge of the shoal. This gets rid at once for all purposes of practical navigation of some three good miles of the space in question—but this is not all. From the opposite shore of the Isle of Wight, a little east of Ryde, a third shoal, called No Man's Land, protrudes itself nearly two miles from shore in a north-easterly direction towards the Horse, its limit marked by a white buoy, distant a little over a mile from the westernmost of the five which mark the Horse, &c.

Through the channel between these five black buoys and one white, every ship of any size must pass, in order to get to Spithead or Portsmouth, and when in the centre of its narrowest part would find the head of the Horse Sand about half-a-mile on its right, No Man's Land about the same distance to the left, and the head of the Spit two miles in front. It should be added, that about three miles further westward, and in mid-channel between Ryde and Gillkicker Point (H), lies another shoal, called Sturbridge.

The scheme of defence now being put in force involves the erection on No Man's Land, the Horse Sand, and Sturbridge, of three large forts; and on the Spit Sand and on the Horse, halfway between the large work and the mainland, of two smaller forts, whilst on shore a string of forts, called Cumberland (N), Eastney (O), and Lump's Forts (P), and Southsea Castle (Q), combine with Point Battery (E), and the southern face of Portsmouth Lines in guarding the eastern approaches to the harbour, the protection of the western being provided for by Block House Fort (F), Fort Monkton (G), and batteries on Gillkicker Point (H), connected by works with the chain of forts west of Gosport, already described. Let us next proceed to consider what obstacles an attack by sea, from the most likely quarter, S.E., would have to encounter, from this system of defences. We will, as in the case of the Thames and Sheerness, imagine ourselves on board one of the attacking squadron. Our course lies past the Warner Light, shown in the right-hand lower corner of the engraving, our guiding marks being the odd-

looking sea mark called the Kickergill, seen on shore abreast of the middle of Stokes Bay (I), as observed over Monkton Fort and the works hard by (H). Without taking much notice of the fact, that before we arrived at the Warner, we should have exposed ourselves to the fire of both Nettlestone Battery (Y), and another a mile to the southward, at St. Helen's Point, but at a two mile range, we should, very soon after passing the Light ship, find ourselves in a position of which the diagram will give the best idea, whilst it at the same



time will serve to elucidate the system of cross firing already treated of. On our right we should find the Horse Sand Fort, opening on us from two of its flanks at once—we are assuming that the number of guns to be mounted on each of the three batteries we are now considering, will be, as set down in the Commissioners' Report, 120—and we are assuming that Captain Sullivan's plan will be adhered to in principle, and that these guns will consequently be mounted in casemated batteries of three tiers with [guns and] mortars on the roof, and we are further assuming that the gallant captain's suggestion will be also attended to in determining the shape of the forts, and that they will be polygonal. From the Commissioners' plan we gather that they will be heptagonal: this will give us about 17 guns to each face. Now, as this construction will always enable two faces at least at a time to bear on any one object, it follows that the Horse Sand Battery will open on us with the fire of no less than four-and-thirty guns of heavy calibre, whilst at the same moment the No Man's Land Fort (U) would pour in a similar fire on our left, and, as we proceeded, the Spit Fort (T) would meet us with a raking fire of the same number of guns—nor would our pushing on briskly with all aid of sails, steam, and tide, avail us much, for as we close one face of the forts we merely open a fresh one, whilst the mortars from the roof would all the while be shelling us with a murderous vertical fire, the most dangerous of all

for shipping—upwards of 100 heavy guns concentrating their fire on us at distances varying from two miles to half-a-mile, to say nothing of the mortars! If our force consists of gunboats of light draught, and we try to push in at high water between the Horse Sand Fort and the Intermediate,* we find ourselves in a precisely similar triangular snarl with these two forts, and that on the Spit. If we run round the back of the Intermediate, all four forts on the shore, Cumberland (N), Eastney (O), Lumps (P), and Southsea (Q), open on us, besides the Intermediate, whilst the inevitable Spit still rakes us in front. If we push for Langston Harbour, in hopes of doing some mischief from thence, we must run the gauntlet of Cumberland Fort at less than 400 yards range, at which distance a single 68-pound shot may sink us, whilst, even if we succeeded in forcing the entrance, the guns of the same fort will continue to rake us as we lie; and, finally, if we try to carry our light-draught vessels round the back of No Man's Land Fort, between that and the shore of the Isle of Wight, Nettlestone Point (Y) and Appley House (X) Batteries will again combine with No Man's Land Fort, to place us in our triangular difficulty, whilst the fort on the Sturbridge shoal will supply the place of the Spit in treating us to a raking fire ahead.

Of course, any attempt to force the entrance of the harbour involves us in running the gauntlet between the fort on the Spit Sand and Southsea Castle, distant just half-a-mile from each other, whilst the whole of our passage down the narrow channel, which leads to the mouth of the harbour, must be effected under a perfect storm of shot and shell from the southern portion of the Portsmouth lines, as well as from Point Battery, Block House Fort, Fort Monckton, and such guns both of the Spit Sand Fort and Southsea as bear towards the harbour, and in the very thickest of this fire we should find ourselves brought up by a chain across the harbour mouth, which had been quietly reposing at the bottom like its more delicate neighbours belonging to the floating bridge, but was hauled up by capstans on each side as soon as we were descried in the offing. This is the legitimate successor of old Leland's "mighty chayne;" only, no doubt, as much mightier a piece of iron work than his, as the forge-house at the Dockyard surpasses the smith's shop of his days.

Here, then, we have as on both land faces the triple line of defences. First, the outlying works, represented by the forts on the sands; next, the second line, consisting of the shore forts; and, lastly, the combination effected by the Portsmouth lines, Point Battery, and Block House Fort.

The possibility of an enemy landing on the Isle of Wight, as a preliminary step to an attack on Portsmouth, has received careful consideration; but it would be impossible within the limits of this paper to follow the Commissioners round the back of the island, and point out, even hurriedly, the details of the system of defence recommended. It must suffice to say, briefly, that every available

spot for a landing is to be fortified by works more or less extensive, according to the size of the opening and the nature of the facilities afforded.

There are two points in connection with these systems of defences, on which it is hardly our province here to touch; one is the time their construction will occupy, the other the expense involved. As regards the first, ground has already been broken on Portsdown Hill, and a great portion of the second cordon of defence is actually completed. The forts on the shoals, however, must be a work of time; piles have to be driven first, in spots where, at every high tide, there is more than twenty feet of water, and where occasionally there is a very troublesome jerking sea; and on these have to be erected massive granite forts, strong enough to carry each 120 guns of heavy calibre, to say nothing of mortars which by themselves require beds of extraordinary strength and solidity. As to the expense, we must hand the discussion of that matter over to the eloquent tongue of our Chancellor of the Exchequer. The estimate for Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight is put down at 2,400,000*l*. But what's in an estimate?

* There was much talk about closing this interval by a permanent barrier, similar to that behind Cronstadt, but the idea appears to have been abandoned for several weighty reasons.